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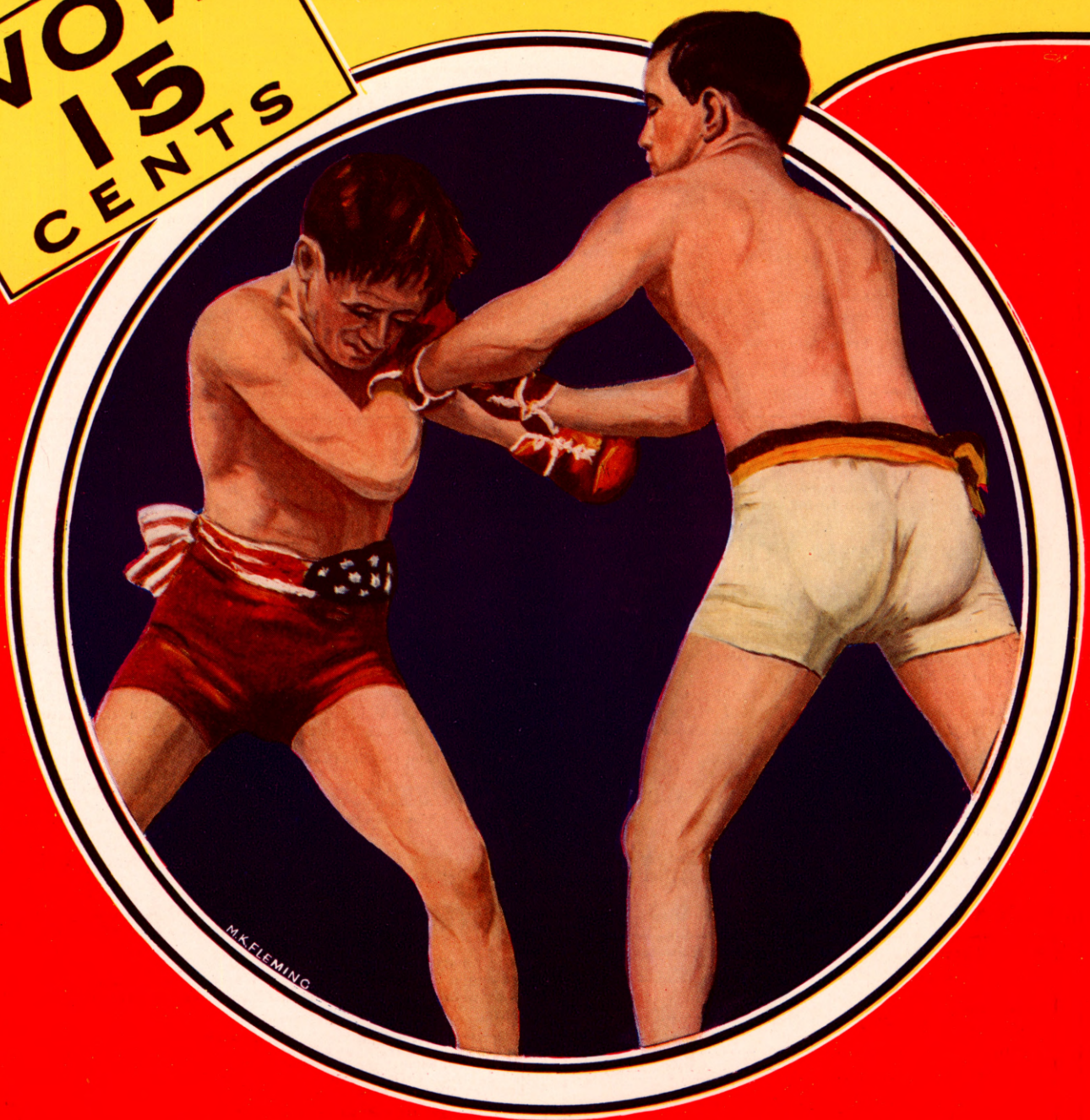

IN THIS ISSUE –

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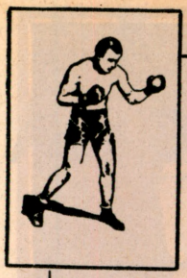

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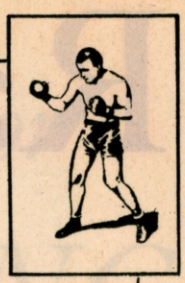

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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CONTENTS

RADIO AT FAULT.....The Editor 2
WHY I VOTED FOR MAX SCHMELING....Charles F. Mathison 3
BATTLE OF THE GREAT INDECISION.....Daniel M. Daniel 4
FAREWELL, JIM FARLEY.....Nat Fleischer 6
"LEFTY" GOMEZ, A RING BUG.....Daniel M. Daniel 7
THE FIGHTING IRISH.....Nat Fleischer 8
THE AFTERMATH.....Wilbur Wood 10
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial)..... 12
WHEN GRANDPA WAS A KID.....Olin Davis 14
THE HEADLOCK KING—STRANGLER LEWIS.....Mike Grieb 16
WRESTLING'S IRON MEN.....Tex Austin 18
CURRENT WRESTLING ATTRACTIONS..... 20
COLORFUL YOUNGSTERS..... 22
BRONSON WOULD QUALIFY.....Eddie Merrill 23
AGAIN THE OLYMPICS.....Bob Burrill 24
FISTIC FLASHES..... 26
BOYS WHO ARE MAKING HEADWAY..... 27
PRIZE RING IN NEW ORLEANS.....Clem G. Hearsey 28
CRADLES OF BOXING.....Doc Almy 30
HEADLINERS IN THEIR LOCALITY..... 32
FIGHT BY CANDLE LIGHT.....Arthur Lumley 33
WHEN NELSON FAILED.....Charley Harvey 34

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP..... 40
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET.....Eddie Borden 41
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY.....Eddie Borden 42
GREATER BOSTON AND NEW ENGLAND.....Doc Almy 44
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO.....Frank Maestro 45
NEWS FROM EUROPE...Ted Broadribb and Sparrow Robertson 46

In Next Issue

The comeback of Benny Leonard after seven years of retirement has aroused new interest in great Jewish fighters. The most talked of gladiator among the Israelites of the bare-knuckle days was Daniel Mendoza. Read about his famous trip through Ireland and how he popularized fighting among the Sons of Erin.

It took considerable nerve to occupy the rôle of referee in the old days. Get an inside slant on the old-time officials in "The Tough Spot," by Joe Humphreys.

Wrestling will come back with a bang, says Jack Curley. He tells why in the October issue.

These, in addition to stories and comment by THE RING'S famous staff of experts —Wilbur Wood, Daniel M. Daniel, Jimmy Johnston, Charles F. Mathison, Doc Almy and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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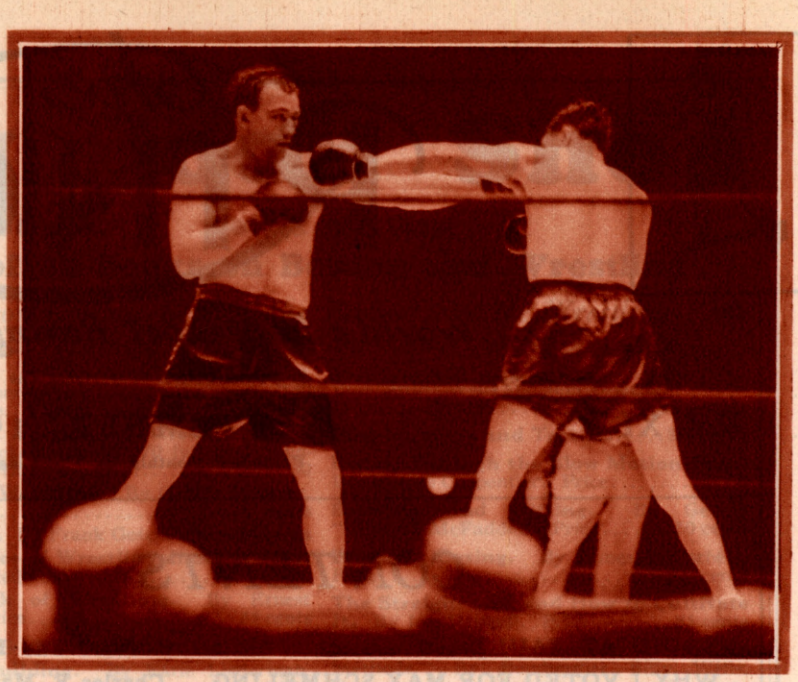
Radio at Fault

More Expert Boxing Broadcasters Needed, Sharkey-Schmeling Fight Proved

By THE EDITOR



"They traded long lefts at the centre of the ring," said the broadcasters of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, and listeners all over the country built for themselves pictures of mayhem.

THE clamor over the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, and the decision in favor of the American, will continue unabated for many weeks. Was Sharkey entitled to the verdict, and the world championship? Or was Schmeling really the victor?

It will be recollected that three men had the decision in their hands—Gunboat Smith, the referee, and Charles F. Mathison and George F. Kelly, the judges. There was a split vote, Smith and Kelly giving the title to Sharkey over the opinion of Mathison.

Readers of THE RING require no introduction to Mathison. They know him through his writings in this periodical. They know him to be well versed in the technique and the lore of the game. Mathison is ranked as the most expert judge of boxing points in the world. He is a veteran of the game.

He was on the scene when John L. Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan, and he has seen all other heavyweight championship fights, and seen them with the eye of the expert. He is fearless and a keen analyst.

The editor of THE RING some time ago asked Mathison to explain his vote for Schmeling. Not that his vote needed any excuse or explanation. In fact, Mathison's ranking as a judge of boxing got its biggest boost through his stand in favor of the German.

But the editor felt that readers of THE RING, followers of boxing all over the world, would be interested in the process of scoring and reasoning which led to Mathison's vote for Schmeling.

* * *

IN his accompanying article, Mathison makes some very pungent and important points. The most interesting, it seems to the editor, has to do with the influence of a radio broadcast on the general public all over the country.

"The radio broadcaster at a fight makes an effort to mention every punch that is delivered, which gives a misleading impression as to the severity of the bout," says Mathison.

This brings up two points. First, is it wise to broadcast championship fights? And, if wise, would it not be a good thing for the game if only qualified men—men who know the game, who can recognize ring strategy and appreciate what fighters are trying to do and what they are doing—would it not be a wise move to restrict radio broadcasting to such experts and bar those who use only a lot of words and overdraw the picture?

In the early days of radio broadcasting, singers and announcers were assigned to sport events because the public was none too discriminating, and the sport experts were not familiar with the technique of the microphone. Now there are hundreds of top-notch sport editors, writers and other experts who know the tricks of the mike and the artistry of broadcasting.

If the singers and announcers are getting boxing into trouble, out with them, and let us call in only those who know what it is all about.

* * *

IN analyzing his verdict, Mathison says, "Sharkey slumped in his corner at the close of the last round, and looked as though he could not have fought two rounds more."

Mathison's score card shows only five rounds for Sharkey, nine for Schmeling, and one even. And it casts aspersion on the two fighters, for in no round does it show more than three telling punches for either man, or more than five real blows for the two. This in a fight for the heavyweight championship of the world!

In defensive skill, Schmeling rates nine points and Sharkey three. In ring generalship, the score is 4 to 0 in favor of the German. In aggressiveness, Max leads by 15 to 0. Schmeling gets 37 clean effective punches, as against 33 for Jack.

The trouble with the radio broadcasting is that when a fighter lets loose a punch, regardless of the fact that it doesn't land, the broadcaster tells his audience that so-and-so connected with a vicious left swing. Often the radio audience is informed that both contestants traded long lefts in the center of the ring, yet as the picture in this article shows, neither of the boxers blows took effect. In fact, they were considerably short, yet those who are not at the ringside receive the impression that both punches landed.

Mathison's score card shows there are few who judge a bout alike. One gives more credit for aggressiveness, while the other scores heavily on cleverness. In the card of Mathison, it is apparent that he felt that Schmeling had been doing the greater portion of the work and had landed more effectively. He also took into consideration the fact that Sharkey was pretty well mussed up at the end while Schmeling was still fresh. Those are points that count but not every judge considers a fight along those lines.

WHY I VOTED for SCHMELING

Judge Who Held Out for German Explains His Score Against Sharkey

By Charles F. Mathison

THE 70,000 persons who watched the contest between Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling, in which the American gained the world's heavyweight title, viewed the combat from many different angles. It is unlikely that any gathering of boxing enthusiasts ever has been in entire accord on a decision regarding a bout that lasts the limit of scheduled rounds and is closely contested to the finish.

Having been asked to explain my reasons for voting for Schmeling as the winner of the contest, I will say that my votes are based entirely on the boxing rules of the New York State Athletic Commission, the chief provision of which is as follows:

"The decisions of the judges shall be based primarily on effectiveness. A clean, forceful hit landed on any vulnerable part of the body above the belt should be credited in proportion to its damaging effect."

In scoring I make no attempt to jot down every punch that is delivered, many of which are ineffective and do no damage to the recipient. My score card shows that Schmeling landed 37 effective blows to 33 by Sharkey, the highest number of effective blows to a round being 3.

The radio broadcaster at a fight makes an effort to mention every punch that is delivered, which gives a misleading impression as to the severity of the bout. As a matter of fact Sharkey did not land a single punch that had a damaging effect on Schmeling, while the latter drove home a number of punches that perceptibly weakened the Bostonian. Therefore I awarded the advantage of effectiveness to the German.

* * *

RULE 2 of the Commission instructions reads as follows: "Aggressiveness is next in importance and points should be awarded to the contestant who sustains the action of rounds by the greatest number of skillful attacks."

My score card shows that Schmeling was the aggressor in each of the fifteen rounds. He carried the fight to Sharkey throughout the entire contest and never took a backward step. On the other hand, Sharkey made a countering fight, never leading at his opponent, and never striking until Schmeling launched an attack.

Thus I awarded the points of effective hitting and aggression to Schmeling, these being the (*Continued on page* 36)

NEW YORK STATE ATHLETIC COMMISSION

JUDGES SCORE CARD

DATE June 21, 1932

CLUB Mad. Sq. Garden Bowl

NAME Sharkey NAME Schmeling

WINNER OF ROUND	CLEAN EFFECTIVE PUNCHES	RING GENERALSHIP	AGGRESSIVENESS	DEFENSE	DEDUCTIONS FOR FOULS	15 ROUNDS	DEDUCTIONS FOR FOULS	DEFENSE	AGGRESSIVENESS	RING GENERALSHIP	CLEAN EFFECTIVE PUNCHES	WINNER OF ROUND
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L	2	–	–	–	–	2	–	1	1	1	3	W
L	2	–	–	–	–	3	–	1	1	1	3	W
L	2	–	–	–	–	4	–	1	1	1	3	W
W	3	–	–	1	–	5	–	–	1	–	2	L
W	3	–	–	1	–	6	–	–	1	–	2	L
W	3	–	–	1	–	7	–	–	1	–	2	L
L	1	–	–	–	–	8	–	–	1	–	2	W
E	2	–	–	–	–	9	–	–	1	–	2	E
W	3	–	–	–	–	10	–	–	1	–	2	L
L	2	–	–	–	–	11	–	1	1	–	3	W
L	2	–	–	–	–	12	–	1	1	–	3	W
L	2	–	–	–	–	13	–	1	1	–	3	W
L	2	–	–	–	–	14	–	1	1	–	3	W
L	1	–	–	–	–	15	–	1	1	–	2	W
5	33	0	0	3	0	REMARKS:–	0	9	15	4	37	9

9th rd. even.

Judge Mathison's Official Score Card of Sharkey-Schmeling Fight

Battle of the

Thus Will Ring History Mark the Fight in Which Sharkey Wrested Title from Schmeling

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Jack Sharkey, the new champion, gazing into the future. What does it hold for him?

THE Sharkey-Schmeling affair will go down in boxing history as the Battle of the Great Indecision. Weeks have elapsed since Jack from Boston took the world's heavyweight championship from Max of Berlin on a decision in New York. But the general public, from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and from Jacksonville, Fla., to San Diego, Cal., is no closer to a complete understanding of what happened than it was the night of the fight, when Referee Gunboat Smith and Judge Kelly over-ruled Judge Mathison, in the lone minority, and presented the title to the American.

As time passes there is a slight growth of evidence in favor of Sharkey. This tends to create the impression that perhaps Jack wasn't beaten after all—perhaps he won just as the referee and supporting judge said he did.

One thing is definite. It was one of the closest battles in the history of the heavyweight championship. In its turbulent aftermath it reminded the Old Guard of the fight between Jim Jeffries, champion, and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island in 1899.

They struggled twenty-five rounds in one of the most sanguinary and punishing contests in the annals of the modern ring. Jeffries suffered broken ribs, Sharkey had a broken nose and other fractures. George Siler, the referee, gave the decision to Jeffries.

Siler almost was mobbed. Most of the onlookers in that Coney Island arena believed Sharkey had won. Some of them held Tom entitled to a draw. A minority supported the Siler verdict. For weeks and weeks the fans debated that verdict.

* * *

THE sentiment of the crowd at the Jeffries-Sharkey fight was colored and influenced by its undoubted partisanship. The fight goers of New York, who had seen Jeffries in his wretched debut there against the Negro Armstrong, never did like Jim. They thought he was overrated.

As for Sharkey, he was of New York. He was a sailor man, he had color, he intrigued the crowd. And at all times Tom was a willing, forceful fighter. He made the fight with Jeffries by coming to the champion for twenty-five rounds.

And the crowd was with Sharkey. Knowing what we do about Siler's honesty and his keen judgment on fights, we would say, at this distance, that Jeffries was entitled to the decision.

In the Sharkey-Schmeling contest both men were at fault. In his first affair with Sharkey, won on a foul, Schmeling saw that Jack was quite clever, but that he could be worn down by a persistent, plugging attack—the attack of a fighter rather than a ring scientist.

Despite this, Schmeling, in the second fight with Jack, turned himself into a boxer. Max could not resist the temptation to show up Sharkey at his own game. That is part of the Schmeling temperament and psychology.

* * *

HAD Schmeling kept at his task, fighting on, not trying to develop high science, he would have won from Sharkey.

The bout was marked by common timidity. Sharkey was afraid of Schmeling, and Schmeling could not afford to throw all caution to the winds as he had brought into the ring the world's title. So they traded long lefts in the center of the ring—as the broadcasters put it, "ineffectually."

To some it must have been a keen contest. There was the element of suspense. Something always was about to pop, and for fifteen rounds nothing popped.

For the thousands who listened in on the radio, it was a fairly interesting fight—more interesting than it was for the 70,000 in the Garden Bowl.

Well, all that is in the past. Now, for the future? The natural outcome of a contest like that between Jack and Max is another meeting. They have split two, and now for the rubber.

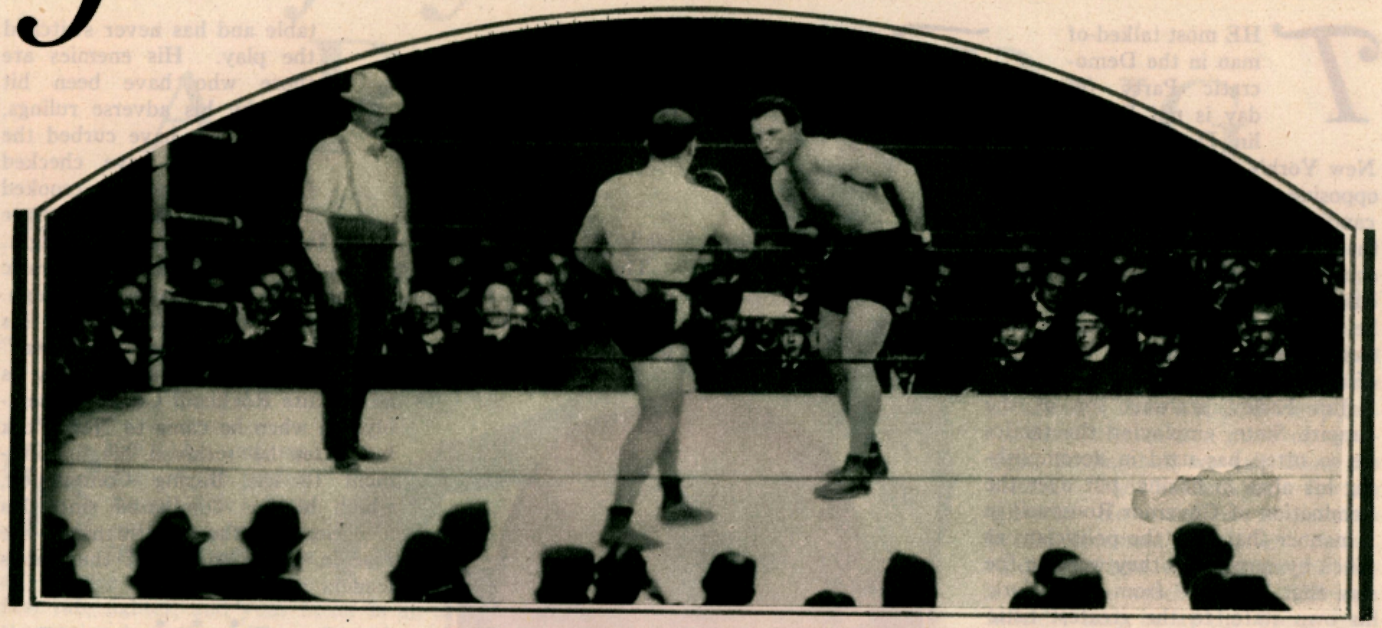
But it doesn't follow that Sharkey, who waited for years for the title, and finally had practically given up hope, will risk the championship so soon after having acquired it.

It seems likely that Jack will elect to exhibit the championship for about a year against men of abilities not quite as outstanding as those of Schmeling. Max was a remarkably improved fighter in that June bout, and with his present scientific background backed by a willingness to force and fight, perhaps would be altogether too much for the American in another scrap.

* * *

THERE is one very interesting angle about Schmeling. As you know, no champion shorn of the world's heavyweight title yet has been able to get it back. There was an im-

Great Indecision



The memorable Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island in 1899, which went twenty-five rounds with decision for the champion, and created a furore similar to that of Sharkey-Schmeling aftermath

pression that Jack Dempsey, of all the beaten champions, would be the one man to turn the trick. But the expected comeback of Jack fizzled and now the stunt is left for the German to perform.

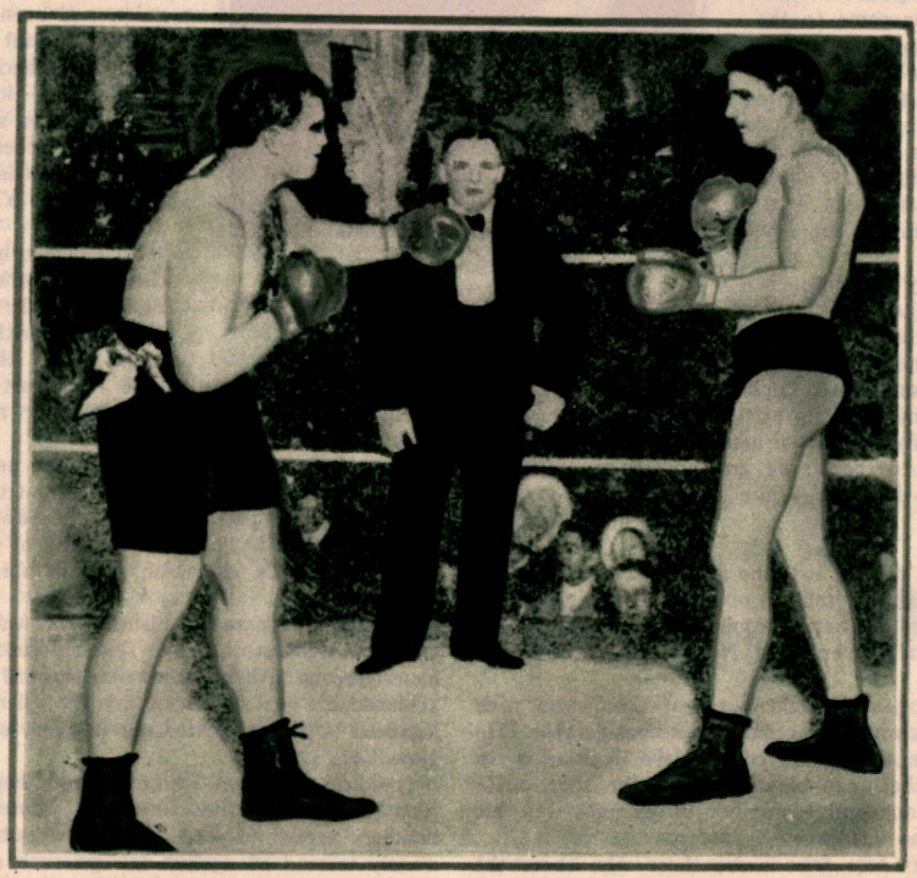
You will recollect that Jim Corbett lost his title to Bob Fitzsimmons, and that Jeffries took the laurels from Fitz. Then Jeffries gave Corbett his chance. Gentleman Jim had been out of the ring for more than three years. He had led a life of ease running a cafe in New York.

When Jeffries met Corbett at Coney Island in 1900 it was thought that the Boilermaker would make short work of the master of science. Corbett had become stable worn.

But much to the amazement of the experts, Corbett took round after round. He had the title in his grasp. But in the twenty-third round, with twenty-two rounds chalked up to his credit, Corbett found that his legs no longer would obey him. Jim was done, and he was knocked out by Jeffries.

The feat which barely eluded Corbett now is within the reach of Schmeling. But when will the German get that chance?

Sharkey now demands that Schmeling enter an elimination tournament. Of course, in view of the difficulty Sharkey had in getting that second match with Max, Jack is more or less justified in making it difficult for Schmeling.



Jim Corbett facing Jeffries in 1903 in their second bout, which resulted in a ten-round knockout for Gentleman Jim

But it does seem ridiculous to ask Max to go into an elimination when there are thousands who harbor the impression that Schmeling, and not Sharkey, was the winner in the Battle of the Great Indecision.

We are happy to see that Schmeling has decided not to remain inactive while awaiting the return engagement with his conquerer. Had he fought more often prior to his meeting with Sharkey, he undoubtedly would have retained his crown.

Max is a great fighter. Make no mistake about that. He has everything that a first rate gladiator should possess. All he needs is more work. With that under his belt there isn't a fighter who could prove his superiority.

Farewell, Jim Farley!

Max Fleischer

THE most talked-of man in the Democratic Party today is not Franklin D. Roosevelt, New York's Governor who is opposing Herbert Hoover as candidate for President of the United States, but the man who enabled Roosevelt to achieve that goal—James A. Farley. Wherever boxing is discussed the name of Farley is well known. For eight years he has served as a member of the New York State Athletic Commission, and most of that time he has occupied the post of chairman.

Jim Farley, stalwart son of the Empire State, employing the tactics he so often has used in accomplishing his aims in boxing, put over the nomination of Governor Roosevelt in a manner that took the politicians as much by surprise as they were on the day that he drove from New York, his own state, to the greatest fistic attraction of all time—the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Politicians the country over ignored "Big Jim," the "Haverstraw Hayseeder," who was aiming to run a presidential campaign, but they didn't know Farley as did those among the New York newspapermen who cover boxing.

And now the boxing world is to lose an able official. Jim Farley, a business man who has come to the fore in leaps and bounds in the last decade; a politician who has gained international fame by the election to the chairmanship of the National Democratic Party; a boxing commissioner whose rulings have been copied wherever the sport is legalized—is to retire from the sport he loves so much.

Boxing is his hobby and throughout the many years that he has displayed an unusually effective combination of ability and horse sense, he has raised the sport to the highest level it has attained in the 200 years or more of its existence. Such is the man who has been called from the chairmanship of the New York Athletic Commission to tackle the greater job of putting a Democratic President into the White House.

James A. Farley, Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission

* * *

JIM FARLEY is a man of extreme energy. He is a person who uses the fighting tactics of the ring to gain his objective and if that is all that is required to gain the election of Roosevelt, then the Governor of New York is certain of election.

Farley leaves boxing after eight years of association with the sport, during which he has accomplished considerable. He has been responsible for more constructive legislation in pugilism than any other man identified with the sport. He has made many friends and a number of enemies, but his friends outnumber the latter.

Among "Big Jim's" best friends are those who cover the news at the Boxing Commission for the metropolitan dailies. He has been frank, honest, direct and open with them and they admire him for that. He has always laid his cards on the table and has never switched the play. His enemies are those who have been hit hard by his adverse rulings, rulings that have curbed the unscrupulous, have checked the gamblers and the crooked element in boxing, and have made the sport safer and better for those who pay the freight.

That is the kind of man whom the National Democratic delegates have selected to run the presidential campaign. Farley has attained his present high post since he left his home city, Haverstraw, to make his home in the "Big Town," New York. He was known only as an obscure Rockland County Assemblyman when he came to New York but after he received his appointment to the Boxing Commission, which he has dominated since his elevation to the chairmanship, he rose in power to one of the state's leaders of democracy.

* * *

FARLEY will best be remembered in boxing circles for two things—his insistence that the Dempsey-Tunney fight would not be staged in New York City unless Harry Wills, a Negro, be given the post of challenger instead of Tunney and his no-foul rule that has been copied in practically every state of the union and even abroad.

The no-foul rule, passed after Schmeling had won the world's heavyweight title sitting down, has done more to stop faking in boxing than any other legislation. Since that law went into effect, not a single bout in New York has been won on a foul.

So efficient has been the work of the New York Commission under Farley's leadership that the New York rules, with very few exceptions have formed the backbone of those in use in every state where the sport is legalized. Even foreign emissaries take back to their native land the New York code for adoption.

It is commonly said in sport that as New York goes so goes the world. This is particularly true of boxing. Many of the measures passed through the efforts of Jim Farley on many occasions have swung the tide of public opinion for or against a world's champion, and in almost all cases, Farley triumphed.

He might have made mistakes for which he and his fellow members were at the time severely criticized, but they were honest errors. All his aims were toward progress and that he achieved his goal is evident by the splendid manner in which legalized boxing is carried out in every state that has adopted New York's code.

His firm stand on Primo Carnera kept the Italian out of New York and other important centers until he and his handlers agreed to stop fooling the public by fighting legitimately instead of against set-ups such as he was meeting in the sticks. And for his position in the heavyweight ranks to-day, Primo has Jim Farley to thank, for had no such stand been taken, the Venetian (*Continued on page 38*)

"Lefty" Gomez A Ring Bug

Famous Pitcher of Yankees Gives His Impressions of Boxing

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Lefty Gomez

BASEBALL and boxing, on the professional side, have much in common. The ball player is an intense admirer of the first rate fighter, and your boxer is an ardent devotee of the national pastime. There have been many cases of a sort of interlocking ability. Jim Corbett was a corking ball player, and his brother Joe pitched for the famous Orioles. Terry McGovern and Pete Latzo also were accomplished ball players.

On the other hand, Babe Pinelli, once with the Cincinnati Reds and now in the Pacific Coast League, was a professional fighter before he turned to baseball.

There is a fraternity between the ring and the diamond—a bond that brings ball players to all big fights and fighters to the ball parks—and no ball player is a more sincere and a stronger admirer of the ringster than Vernon Gomez, lefthander of the Yankees.

Gomez needs no introduction to the follower of sport. In 1930 the New York club bought him from San Francisco for $35,000 and sent him to St. Paul for development. In 1931 he came back to the Yankees and won twenty-one games. In one season Gomez became a startling sensation.

Of course, Gomez is wrapped up in baseball. He plays the game as well largely because he is crazy about it. Your really great ball player loves the game. The man who plays baseball merely for the money in it is like the man who fights not because he loves to box but because he sees in the ring a ready and opulent source of financial gain. Incidentally, boxing has been hurt most by the great influx of these semi-parasites.

* * *

OUTSIDE of baseball, Gomez has only one athletic interest, and that is boxing. How Lefty moaned recently because the luck of the schedule put the Yankees in St. Louis the time of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight.

"I have done some boxing myself because I regard the sport a great body builder," said Gomez to the interviewer. "Of course, now they won't let me do any boxing because I am regarded as a valuable athlete. Might hurt the old soupbone and away will the baseball career go winging. That wouldn't be so good.

"In spite of my lack of weight I have gone in for the rougher sports. In school I played football. I broke my pitching wrist twice on the gridiron, but I'd play the game now if they'd let me. Football and boxing have something in common—speed, sparring for the advantage, aggressiveness.

"And baseball has some of the elements of boxing, too. Now, you wouldn't think of baseball that way. But being a great admirer of boxing I have a special viewpoint.

"Baseball also is a game of openings. In baseball we call them the breaks. The boxer spars for an opening. He spars for a weakness in the opponent's style or defense. And that's how we do it on the diamond. You watch closely. Here an infielder may be at the wrong spot, there an outfielder may be playing the hitter wrong.

"In baseball it is important that the pitcher know the batter's style and peculiarities. This man is a dead left field hitter and should be pitched outside. The other man pulls a ball to right and should be handled in some other way. It's like boxing. A fighter holds his guard high and you've got to play his body with the outside chance of reaching his chin, for a boxer with a high guard is exposing the fact that he fears a jaw attack."

* * *

"YOU know, I studied that out in boxing, and believe it or not, it came in handy in baseball," Gomez went on.

"Early this year I began to study a certain American League hitter who employs a crouch at the plate. It has been the habit of pitchers in our circuit to throw to him high. The crouch made it look as if he were one of those golfer hitters.

"I said to myself—here's another case of the fighter with the high guard who has a glass jaw. This hitter is a croucher because he is afraid of a low ball. I'll risk the chance the first time it is safe.

"One day we were seven runs in front in the sixth, and I decided to try that low ball. I gave him a low fast one, and he missed it a mile. I fanned that batter with five pitches, all low fast balls. It has got around (*Continued on page* 37)

The Fighting Irish

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By Nat Fleischer

WHAT a difference a few years make!

Twenty-five years ago, every champion, every fighter whose name was a by-word in pugilism, was either a pure-blooded Irishman or had a strain of Irish blood coursing through his veins.

To-day, how different! Glance through the latest record book and jot down the names of those who have reached the top rung of the fistic ladder and you'll find that the Sons of Erin have been forced far into the background in the field of sport in which for more than a century and a half they had reigned supreme. What has come over the combative race which for years supplied the world with the greatest Prize Ring heroes?

The Irish of to-day are no less courageous than were their forefathers. The Sons of Emerald Isle are every inch as combative in this era as they were when they were fighting for their liberty.

What is it then that has caused the Irish gladiators to bow to the Jews, the Italians and the Germans? Where in the past every great warrior of the squared circle was an Irishman, to-day the leading figures carry Irish names indicative of ring prowess, but the nom-de-guerre belongs either to an Italian or an Israelite.

Environment, social conditions—those are primarily responsible for this change and ere long, boys of German parentage and of Spanish blood are likely to take the leadership from those now holding it. But for the predominence of Irish fighters in the early days of American ring history, that form of sport would have had a lonely existence in the United States. If all of the champions and great ring men who first saw the light of day in the Emerald Isle or whose parents hailed from the land of the shamrock were marshalled into military array, a sizeable army would be the result.

"Hibernia has filled the world
With heroes of all grades;
Where'er her banner's been unfurled
It never dims or fades.
But with its mingled Gold and Green
Brighter shines to-day
Than all in Europe ever seen,
It's colors are so gay.
In oratory, war or song,
What nation boasts, excels
The list of those who belong
To the land of lake and dell?"

Between the pugilists born in Ireland and came here and those who were born here of Irish parentage and made their mark in pugilism, the Irish fighters held sway in Uncle Sam's domain for more than half a century.

The Irish came naturally by their fighting. History, so far back as one can trace, is replete with sensational battles in which the mighty sons of Erin won glory.

'Tis said that the Irish for centuries won the battles of other nations, but it was not until a few years ago that they actually succeeded in winning their own freedom from England. Some of the greatest fighters in European history were either pure-blooded Irish or of Irish descent, hence it is not surprising to find so many celebrated ring warriors adorning the pages of pugilistic history.

Centuries ago Ireland was inhabited by a warlike people, the Filbolgs, an Irish primative tribe and the Tuatha Di Danann, a highly civilized people. The latter conquered the Filbolgs and in turn, were conquered by the Milesians who came from Spain. This mixture gave to Ireland a fiery, strong, fighting race that to this day may well feel proud of its athletic prowess.

It was from those early settlers that the sons of Erin gained their fighting spirit. Those tribes, some highly cultured, others the wild men of the primative period, later intermarried with the fighting Gaels, a powerful people of the old Roman Empire who overran Ireland centuries ago, and from those Gaels, the Irish natives acquired that strength, endurance and gameness that has characterized them since.

Ireland has been a fighting nation since its very existence. Its sons have not only won distinction in the prize ring, but are listed among the world's greatest soldiers.

The Irish came by their fighting instinct naturally enough. They have loved fighters and fighting ever since the beginning of Erin's time. Never a day in the history of the race of this great people, have they feared to meet an enemy. The Greeks and the Romans were the originators of boxing, their mills taking place in the public arenas with the cæstus, the weapon of combat. The English, however, with rules to guide them, developed the sport and it remained for the Irish to furnish the world's greatest fistic talent for close to 150 years.

Scan through the list of world champions in the various divisions of pugilism for the last century and a half and note the Irish names. Even some of the greatest of the English boxers have a strain of Irish blood in them, either on the father's or mother's side. Charley Mitchell, one of England's heavyweight champions, the man who fought John L. Sullivan a 79-round draw at Chantilly, France, had Irish blood on his mother's side. Bob Fitzsimmons, Austin Carey, Jem Carney, Jack Burke, Owen Moran, Paddy Gorman, Jem Driscoll and scores of others, came from Irish parentage.

* * *

THERE'S Dan Donnelly, Jack Randall, Jack McAuliffe, Dave and Spike Sullivan, Jimmy Elliott, Dave Barry, Tom Sharkey, George Gardiner, Jim Gardiner, Steve Taylor, Willie Fitzgerald, among others whose deeds in the ring gained for them a niche in the Hall of Fame of pugilism.

And that's only scratching the surface. John Morrissey, an Irishman by birth, reigned over the American pugilists just before John L. Sullivan's time, and Sullivan, although an American-born fighter, boasted of his Irish lineage. His father and mother both hailed from the Ould Sod.

John Camel Heenan, who fought a memorable battle with Tom Sayers in England, was the first real Paddy to put in a serious claim to the world's heavyweight championship. From 1863 to the victory of Max Schmeling over Jack Sharkey, it has been Ireland almost all the way.

Mike McCoole, Ned O'Baldwin and Paddy Ryan were heralds pointing the way to the advent of the great John L. Sullivan and after Sullivan, we had the Irish deluge.

James J. Corbett, a native of San Francisco, was another adopted son of Ireland. Jake Kilrain, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Peter Maher, Terry McGovern, Marvin Hart, Frankie Neil, Joe Thomas, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Packy McFarland, Mike and Tom Gibbons, Frankie Burns, Dick Hyland, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Mike McTigue—men of note in the history of Fistiana, were either born in Ireland, born in this country of Irish parents, either one or both, or were endowed

with their fighting ability through a strain of Irish blood from one of their ancestors.

Some years ago Australia sent to America a fine bunch of fighting men, the majority of whom traced their ancestry to the Irish. There were big Paddy Slavin, Owen Sullivan, Mick Dunn, Dan Creedon, Billy Murphy, George Dawson, Tom Tracey, Jimmy Ryan, Billy McCarthy, Australian Billy Smith —all great fighters who added to the ring lore of the Irish race.

* * *

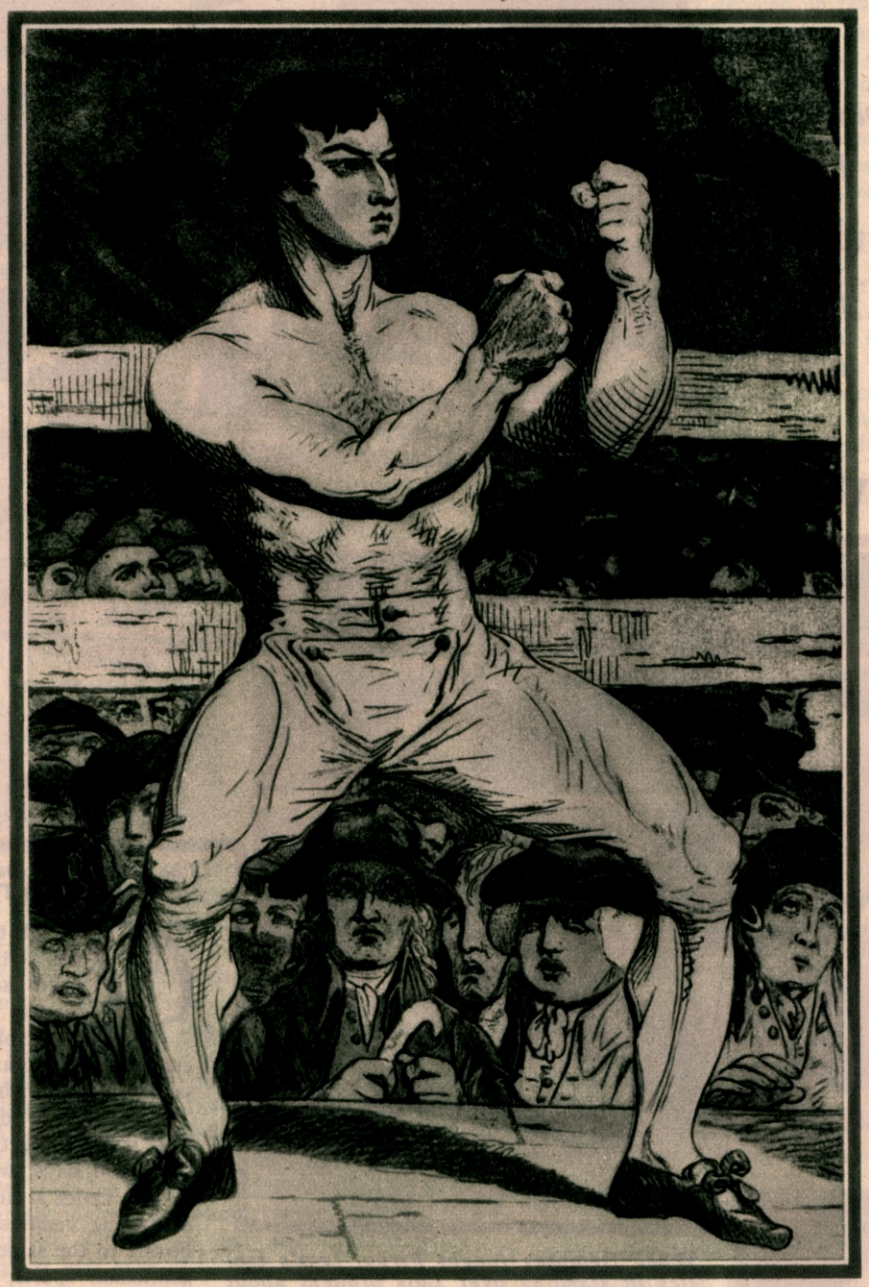
A HISTORY of boxing from 1734 to 1914 —the year the World War got under way —is a history of Irish stalwarts. Even the first fight for the championship recorded in American ring history, was between a native born American, a New Yorker, Tom Hyer, son of the first champion of the new country, Jacob Hyer, and Yankee Sullivan, who came here from Ireland. And when Sullivan acquired the championship, he was the first Irishman to hold an American crown. A list of the heavyweight champions who followed him, is again a history of Irish-blooded athletes. There were Johnny Dwyer, Jim Dunn and Joe Coburn, and in addition to those already mentioned.

And among other fistic greats, there were Jere Dunn, Pat Killen, Joe McAuliffe, Marty McCue, Jimmy Britt, Spider Kelly, David Campbell, Dominick McCaffery, Charley McKeever, Kid McPartland, Patsy Haley, Patsy Kerrigan, Charley McKeever, Buffalo Costello, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, Jack Fogerty. Eddie Curry, Mike Donovan, Jack Denning, Jimmy Walsh, Jack Bonner, Jim Ferns, Patsy McGuigan and Amby McGarry.

And among others, Tim Kearns, Patsy Sweeney, Tommy Murphy, Jimmy Barry, Johnny Reagen, Matty Matthews, Sammy Kelly, Martin Flaherty, Tommy Shortell, Johnny Kilbane, Joe Lynch and Mike O'Dowd. What other nation can point to such a list of great fighters! The Jews and the Italians may rank higher than the Irish to-day, but it will take many years before either race can equal the wonderful record rolled up by the Sons of Erin.

In fact, ever since the days of Brian Boru, that "little green isle across the sea" has produced directly or indirectly, more fistic stars than any other country ten times its size. These sons of the Emerald Isle are scattered all over the world, and wherever they've settled, they've made their presence felt. The Irish are a race of self-restraint, but when once aroused, they are fighting demons and that is why they have proved so successful in the ring.

Self-restraint is one of the greatest assets for ring success, and since the Irish have gained such laurels in the roped square, it necessarily follows that they are a far less excitable people than the Jews, English, French or Spanish. In gameness and fearlessness, the Irish also can hold their head up high, for, once Paddy's hat is thrown in the ring, he seldom quits. It is those qualities that have helped the boys of the Emerald Isle to attain their ring success.



Daniel Mendoza

It isn't solely for the sake of the plea to popular support, that an Irish name has become accepted as the best route to ring success. Otherwise we should not have had our Eddie O'Keefes, our Hugo Kellys, our Kid McCoys (though Mr. Norman Selby can boast of Irish blood), our Jimmy Burnses, our Frankie Conleys, Jack Dillons, Al Delmonts, Mickey Browns, Al McCoys, Eddie Martins, Jack Conways and others.

One could continue indefinitely through the list of American hybrids boasting of Danish, Roumanian, Polish, Bohemian, Italian, and German ancestry who have grabbed hold of the first Irish label they could find before settling down to the search of ring fame. It is the Irish superstition. If one cannot have Irish blood one must have something Irish about him if success is to be attained.

The most celebrated of all Irish gladiators is Dan Donnelly, the greatest of Erin's fistic heroes. He was born in Dublin in 1788 but had a short span of life. He passed away at the age of 32.

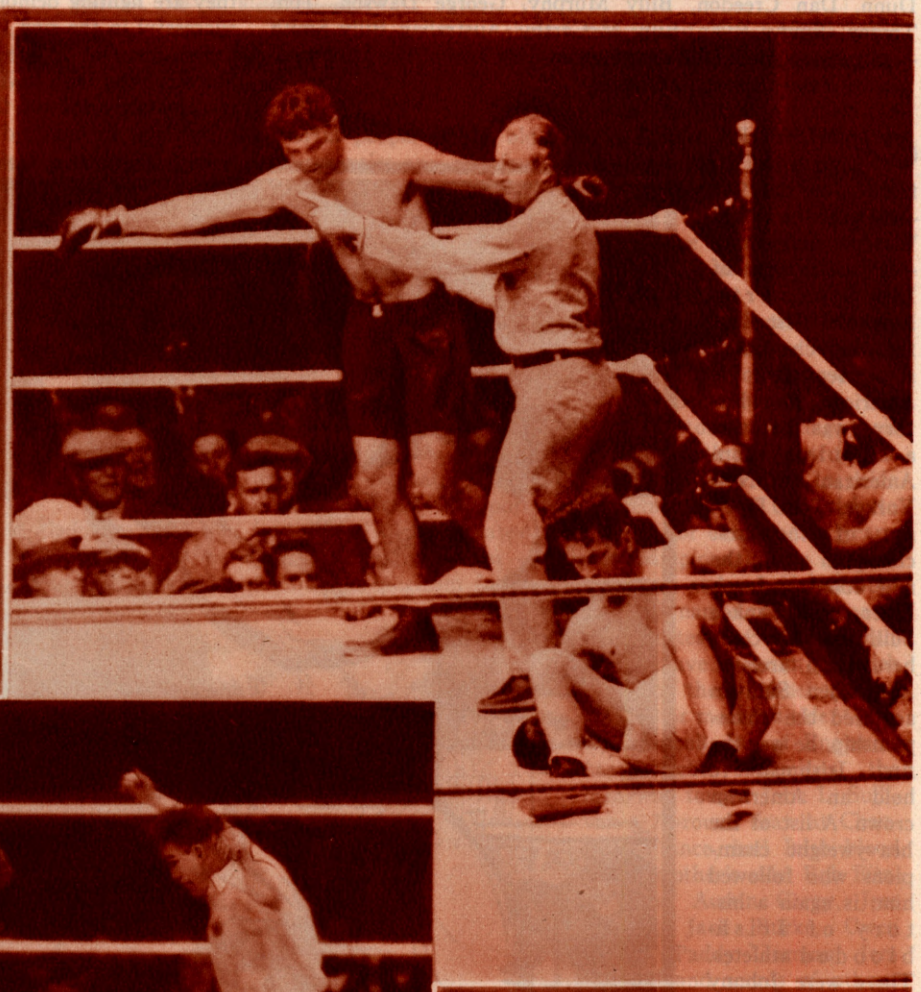
Of the modern warriors, the most dearly loved Irishman was Peter Maher. Peter, in his prime, was a handsome fellow, a good boxer, and the possessor of a tremendous wallop. Peter to-day is living in New Jersey where he is working as a dock master.

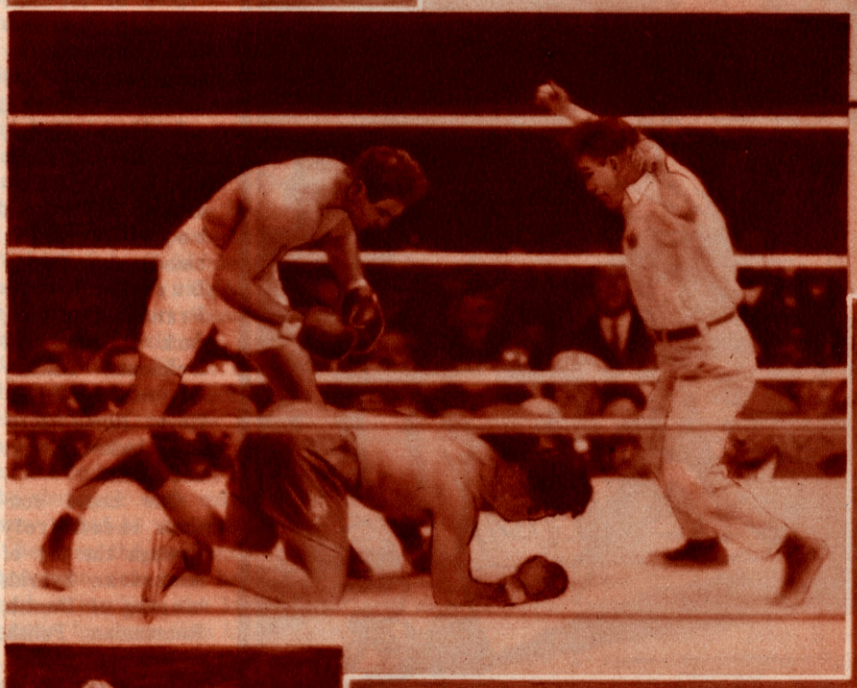
In the next issue, the story of Daniel Mendoza and his tour of Ireland, will be told.

The AFTERMATH

Dempsey and Sharkey Have Figured in Many Heavyweight Contests in Which an Untoward Incident Has Clouded the Results

By WILBUR WOOD





The start of the famous "fourteen count" by which Tunney saved his title

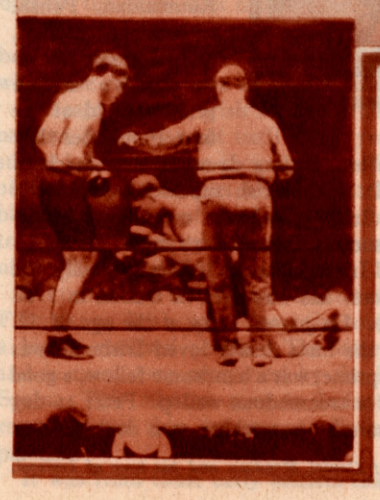
ONE of the strangest phenomena of the Queensberry realm, where so many queer things happen, is the fact that almost invariably a heavyweight championship brawl produces an unsavory incident which clouds the result.

It is not so difficult to understand why it was like that in the rough and ready old days, when boxing was more or less under a cloud. With the advent of boxing commissions and the rise of boxing to the same plane as the so-called gentleman sports, it was expected that such untoward incidents would cease.

However, as boxing came under commission control it also entered the era of million dollar purses. With so much money at stake in a battle for the heavyweight crown, it really is not so surprising that the peculiar happenings became even more prevalent.

When Dempsey fought Firpo, Jack's tactics in standing over Luis brought about an international discussion

Every champion from Sullivan down to Sharkey has figured in some incident that clouded either his right to the title or the right of his successor. In the Sharkey-Schmeling brawl the rumpus was not stirred up by any action of the fighters. The officials only were to blame for the wave of indignation that swept the entire country as a result of the decision in favor of the Boston Gob. The sentiment of an overwhelming majority of qualified expert opinion as to the nature of the verdict was expressed by one New York critic who printed a picture of the Tunney-Muldoon trophy with the names of the officials who voted for Sharkey engraved on the trophy where Sharkey's name naturally would be chiselled.



And Dempsey was accused of fouling Sharkey.

THE argument still rages over such famous incidents as the "long count" accorded Tunney in his second fight with Dempsey, but some of the happenings in earlier years may not be known to the younger generation of Queensberry addicts.

So let us go back to the first of the heavyweight champions under the new order, Gentleman Jim Corbett, the young bank clerk who dethroned the mighty John L. Sullivan. There was no tinge of scandal connected with that fight, unless it was Sullivan's refusal to pay strict attention to training. No cloud marked Corbett's ascension to the throne, but he later figured in a couple of the peculiar incidents that since have become so common.

The cry after the Sharkey-Schmeling fight was that a foreigner could not get an even break in a championship fight in this country. The same wail went up from those who backed Charlie Mitchell of England in his attempt to wrest the laurels from Corbett at Jacksonville, Fla., on January 25, 1894.

There was a ton of money bet on this fight. In the second round Corbett floored the Englishman and then occurred the incident that almost precipitated a riot. Corbett, according to Mitchell and his supporters, hit Charlie another punch before the Englishman was fairly on his feet. Mitchell and his friends demanded that Corbett be disqualified for committing a foul.

It was an exceedingly ticklish spot for the referee, Honest John Kelly. Hundreds of tough characters, most of them with money on Corbett, were crowded around the ring. Kelly, evidently figuring it was best to do nothing that might start a general shooting affray, overruled the charge of foul, which was satisfactory to the great majority. So the fight went on and in the third round Corbett scored a legitimate knockout.

* * *

TROUBLE also arose at the tilt between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, at Carson City, Nev., on March 17, 1897. This time Corbett was the complainant. He had no better luck than did Mitchell at Jacksonville.

Though few may recall it today, Corbett charged the referee with giving Fitzsimmons a long count when Ruby Robert went to the floor in the seventh round. Strange, is it not, that there should have been a so-called long count in the seventh round of two heavyweight championship fights, that one at Carson City and the later brawl at Chicago?

Corbett's squawk over the long count was given no consideration. In the fourteenth, Fitzsimmons uncorked a left to the body that stretched Gentleman Jim. The fallen man claimed a foul, but the referee refused to see it that way and counted him out. Judging from the evidence of the movies of the fight, the punch was fair. That blow became famous as the solar plexus punch.

The fight in which Jeffries won the title from Fitzsimmons, at Coney Island on June 9, 1899, by a knockout in the eleventh round, developed no incident that could stir up an unsavory aftermath. Fitz merely had underestimated Jeff's fighting ability. Looking for a soft fight, he ran into a man who was seemingly invincible. Many veteran fight followers will tell you that Jeffries, on that day, could have beaten any other fighter who ever drew on a glove.

* * *

THE next big argument centering around the heavyweight succession developed after the fight in which Jeffries retained the title in a gruelling 25-round battle with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island on Novembr 3, 1899. George Siler, considered the best referee in the country at that time and still regarded by many as the superior of any official who has yet acted as third man, got into hot water when he gave the verdict to Jeffries.

Sharkey forced the fighting for the first eighteen rounds and had the contest been limited to fifteen frames, as the rules of to-day provide, there is no reason to believe that Siler would have given the fight to Jeffries. However, as it turned out, Jeffries came on like a stake horse in the last seven rounds and gave the game, tough sailor a beating that Sharkey recalls to this day.

Had Siler been forced to render his verdict on the "rounds won" basis of determining the winner, he might have had no alternative but to give it to Sharkey. However, as Siler explained in justifying his decision, he looked upon the affair as a fight and awarded the victory to the man who inflicted the most damage. At the finish Jeffries was fresh and unharmed, whereas Sharkey, with several ribs broken and in generally bad shape physically, was removed to a hospital.

Judging from Siler's decision on that occasion he certainly would have awarded Schmeling the verdict over Sharkey, for Jack was badly battered and almost exhausted at the end, whereas Schmeling was fresh and virtually unhurt.

Though most of those qualified to judge agreed that Siler's decision was just, his finding displeased men who were politically powerful in New York and, during the life of the Horton law, Siler was never permitted to act as third man again.

* * *

JEFFRIES' humiliating defeat by Jack Johnson at Reno gave rise to the well known yarn that some miscreant had dropped poison into Jeff's tea and thus weakened him so much that he was unable to make a decent showing against the big negro.

While insiders did not place much credence in the poisoned tea story, it was accepted by thousands of fans as the only logical reason for Jeff's defeat. The fact was that the public had been misled into believing that the big fellow was in grand physical shape for the fight, whereas in reality he was only a shell of his former self.

There was another unsavory yarn that gained circulation in connection with the fight. That was that originally it had been agreed that Johnson was to lay down and lose the fight on a phoney knockout, but that the night before the battle, he sent word to Jeff that the fight would have to be on the level. According to that version, the message so upset Jeff that he was unable to get a wink of sleep all night and went into the ring in a semi-stupor.

When Jess Willard regained the championship for the white race, by knocking out Johnson in the twenty-sixth round in Havana on April 5, 1915, scandal again reared its ugly head. At the time Johnson was unable to enter the United States without suffering arrest on charge of violating the white slave law.

The story spread by the weisenheimers was that Johnson agreed to lay down to Willard in return for having the charges against him dropped. Johnson himself hinted that this was the case, but later denied that he had made any such deal. At any rate, after his defeat the charges against him still stood.

Those who believed that Johnson faked his knockout pointed out as corroborative evidence that he sent word to his wife shortly before the knockout to leave the arena and that as he took the count he shaded his eyes from the sun.

* * *

THE next big rumpus centered around the alleged "doctoring" of Jack Dempsey's hands for the fight in which he took over the title from Willard, at Toledo, on July 4, 1919.

The day before the fight the tip was whispered around among a select coterie of sure-thing gamblers that Dempsey would score a knockout in the first round. These took all the money they could get on the proposition, some obtaining odds of 15 to 1. The coup missed fire by the narrowest of margins.

There is no reason to go into here the vivid details of that first round except to point out that every punch Dempsey landed on Willard's face or head either smashed a bone, knocked out teeth or opened bad gashes in the flesh. In support of the theory that Dempsey's hands were "loaded" it has been cited that never before nor after that particular fight did he cut up an opponent, though he landed the same sort of punches.

The story is that a layer of plaster (*Continued on page* 38)

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Rousseau Suggests Closer Alliance With Europe
Marcel Thil Gains Right to Middleweight Title
Leonard Displays Old Time Skill in Comeback

EUROPE'S leading figure in professional and amateur boxing, Paul Rosseau, secretary of the International Boxing Union and President of the French Federation of Boxing, has come to this country as official representative of the French Government for the Olympic Games and while here has had many conferences with the leaders of boxing in the hopes of being able to carry back to his native land plans for the betterment of the sport abroad. While in New York, Mr. Rosseau conferred with the members of the New York Commission on matters pertaining to a closer affiliation of that body with the International Union and then he went to Chicago for a similar conference with General Clinnin of the National Boxing Association.

It seems that European Commissions do not understand why New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and California, four of the biggest boxing centers of the world, do not become members of the National Association and thus affiliated members of the European Federation, but when it was explained to Mr. Rosseau that such membership was not permissible under the law, because the law under which those commissions were appointed prohibits it, Mr. Rosseau felt that at least a working agreement could be made that would aid the sport internationally.

But there again there is a snag, and that was also pointed out to Mr. Rosseau, who, for the first time, realized how politics rules boxing in this country. He learned that when, for example, New York suspended Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera, the National Boxing Association, the ruling body of this country, with which the New York board had an agreement, disregarded that working arrangement and refused to recognize the suspensions because these men were big drawing cards and could be shown, with financial gain, in states that were members of the N. B. A. Mr. Rosseau agreed that such action on the part of the N. B. A. was contrary to sportsmanship and that if New York would agree to work with the Federation, the members of that organization would guarantee that regardless of the ruling of the N. B. A. on such matters, suspensions meted out by New York would be strictly carried out in the Federation and that, in turn, those listed in the Federation would have to be honored by the Empire State Board.

* * *

THAT is as it should be and shows common sense reasoning. If the National Boxing Association were to work harmoniously with non-members and the non-members in turn would adhere strictly to its working agreement with the N. B. A., there would be no need of discussing a National Czar. The trouble with boxing is and always has been that petty jealousy rules the sport.

Take the case of Maxie Rosenbloom, for example. Why was he deposed by the N. B. A. as title holder after he had successfully defended his championship against Jimmy Slattery? What difference does it make whether New York is a member of the N. B. A.? Should non-membership by New York have cost Maxie his crown, simply because he didn't defend it in an N. B. A. state?

This was one of the points which Mr. Rosseau wanted me to explain to him, and, when I did, he declared that no such foolish action could be taken in Europe, for the reason that the Federation and Union do not care where a champion defends his title just so long as he obeys the mandates of the ruling body. Thus we learn that though Europe may be backward in some sports, it is up to the minute in boxing, thanks to the guiding hand of efficient, intelligent officials who see beyond their nose.

The visit of Mr. Rosseau will do much for boxing, because he is a shrewd newspaperman who has given 20 years of his life to taking charge of sports for the French nation. He realizes that jealousy must be cast aside if boxing is to prosper.

Heretofore Europe has had only one side of the boxing controversy brought to its attention—that of the N. B. A. But through Mr. Rosseau's visit to the various commissions not affiliated with the N. B. A., he has learned considerable that should help his organization to foster a better spirit with the leading boxing centers of the world.

* * *

THE recent victory of Marcel Thil over Gorilla Jones, N. B. A. middleweight champion, followed by his defeat of England's leading fighter at the weight, Len Harvey, makes him the outstanding fighter in his class. There can be be no doubt now that Thil is entitled to the world's championship. His victory over our leader, Vince Dundee, and Dundee's defeat by Harvey abroad, has gained the crown for Thil.

* * *

GENE TUNNEY has regained the limelight. In fact, the retired, undefeated world's heavyweight champion finds himself more in the public prints than does the present holder of the crown, Jack Sharkey. Tunney's hat is in the political ring and I venture to predict that he will gain the same success in his new field that he did in the field of fisticuffs.

Up in Connecticut, where Gene has a home, he is being discussed as a candidate for the United States Senate. If Gene is nominated, it seems a certainty that he will be elected, first, because he is a popular fellow in the Nutmeg State and secondly, because this looks like a Democratic year and Gene is a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. Even if Tunney is not nominated, he seems destined to receive a high political post should Roosevelt be elected President of the United States, for Gene is one of the army of young men who has enlisted in the cause and is touring the country campaigning for Roosevelt's election.

Tunney, in taking up politics, is following the example set many years ago by another Greenwich Village fighter, John Morrissey, who came up from the ranks to win the American heavyweight title and then went to Congress to represent his ward in the House of Representatives. It is my opinion that Tunney would make an ideal Congressman or Senator. He has the initiative, the courage of a born fighter and is an exceedingly intelligent young man. THE RING'S best wishes are extended to him.

A MOVEMENT has been started to obtain a uniform system of scoring a fight in this country, but I doubt anything will come of it. New York, in which the round by round system rules, will not agree to any change. The moguls feel that their system is a good one and will not alter it. In Chicago, the point system prevails, whereby the boxer who has the greater total is declared the winner. Likewise in Connecticut and many other states that are members of the N. B. A.

Personally I think the point system is far better than that used in New York. At least, when such a system is used the fighter who has done more damage, has been the aggressor and has landed the cleaner blows receives his just due—victory. Selecting the winner according to the rounds won system is detrimental to boxing.

Ofttimes a fighter is on the verge of a knockout after winning the first five rounds of a ten-round battle, and losing the last five, yet obtains a draw simply because the number of rounds each contestant received was even. No credit is given to the fellow who has come from behind and scored heavily to land several knockdowns and pummel his man from pillar to post. This is extremely unfair. How often have you seen such an injustice done, yet, according to the rounds won rule, the judges were unable to give any other verdict.

I have stood by the New York Commission in almost all of its important rulings, but this is one case where I feel that a change is needed and the quicker the better for boxing. If a system were adopted that could become international, the average fight fan would be in a better position to judge a bout and the confusion that now exists following every important mill would be done away with.

* * *

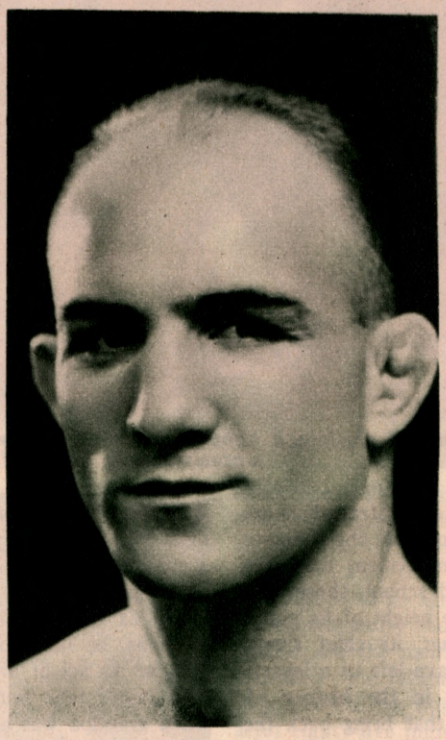
OF all the former champions who have attempted a comeback, none have made such strides as has Benny Leonard. The old master of the lightweights, now boxing as a welterweight, in an attempt to recoup financial losses, started his climb to recognition a little less than a year ago, and although the boxing critics predicted his failure, Benny only recently succeeded in hurdling his twentieth obstacle when he outclassed the hard-hitting Billy Townsend of Vancouver in a ten-round bout at the Queensboro Club. The masterly manner in which he triumphed over the youthful Townsend left no doubt in the minds of the 8,000 spectators that, to date, Benny has come nearest to making good in the comeback role of any of the hordes of battlers who came out of retirement to beat Father Time and failed.

For a time in the fourth it appeared that Benny would be doomed to disappointment when a roundhouse right connected on Benny's chin and staggered the former lightweight king. Benny was hurt. He almost caved in, yet he displayed the type of brain work that enabled him to reign supreme for many years.

Quick as a flash he got into a clinch as Townsend came rushing towards him and then saved himself from certain defeat just as he did ten years ago in his mill with Lew Tendler by talking himself out of difficulty. So surprised was the young Townsend by Benny's line of gab that he forgot about the finishing punch and when they emerged from the clinch, Leonard had regained his equilibrium and thereafter rolled up a big margin to win easily.

Benny still possesses a fine noodle and it will not be surprising to see him carry off a championship ere the year is out. Just now it looks like a Leonard-Fields contest will be on tap in September, and if it is arranged it will come close to drawing a $150,000 gate. Benny's success teaches a fine sermon for the thousands of young men who are in the boxing game to-day. Clean living has kept Leonard's body in the splendid condition that enables him now, at 36 years, to compete so successfully against boys many years younger.

RECENT contests in several divisions have upset the sock market ratings considerably. This is especially true of the heavyweight class, in which the material is so mediocre that there seems little likelihood that a real menace will be developed within the next twelve months to reduce the chances of the crown going back to Germany in the event that Jack Sharkey, the present holder of the crown, should decide to give Max Schmeling a chance to regain it. The day following the victory of Sharkey, it was figured that Ernie Schaaf and Mickey Walker would have to be considered in whatever arrangements would be made for Sharkey's future battles, but with the upsets that followed, the fistic map was completely changed.



MARCEL THIL, WORLD'S LEADING MIDDLEWEIGHT

First there was the surprising defeat of Schaaf by Stanley Poreda, the Jersey City young man, who it was thought had been put out of the picture several months previously. By losing to Poreda, Schaaf's championship aspirations took a deep dent and the stock of Poreda gained at least fifty points overnight. Then there was the astonishing victory of Johnny Risko over Mickey Walker, one of the outstanding figures in the heavyweight race. Coming out of retirement after a seven months' layoff, the Cleveland Rubber Boy chalked up a decisive victory over the Toy Bulldog. And then there was the defeat of Primo Carnera by Larry Gains, the outstanding negro heavyweight who is considered the ranking topnotcher in Europe but in this country is not given a tumble. The subsequent victory of Schaaf over Paulino, and the knockout of Ruggeriello by Walker and Panelec by Carnera, did not alter the heavyweight situation any.

How long Gains can be ignored is a question. It seems that Larry will have to be taken into consideration when the next set of heavyweight elimination bouts is staged, as his record warrants it. As most of the leaders in the heavyweight division have gone to seed, there seems little chance for promoters to be able to draw much in any fight other than a return battle between Sharkey and Schmeling. That is the outstanding match. Any other heavyweight contests will be just ordinary so far as a drawing attraction is concerned.

* * *

IN the recent list of boxers named by the Madison Square Garden officials as being eligible for the heavyweight eliminations, Schaaf, Poreda, Walker, Carnera, Risko, Paulino, Hamas, Loughran and Tuffy Griffiths find a place, but the outstanding figure in Europe to-day, the negro Gains, is left out in the dark. Why? Are the present crop of mediocre heavyweights afraid of the dark-skinned lad who hails from Canada? Surely Gains has earned the right to be considered as a title contender. His victories abroad have earned him international recognition and it seems rather poor sportsmanship to ban him because of his color. It is my personal opinion that Gains should be considered in the eliminations.

WHEN GRANDPA

YOU'VE often heard grandpa talk about "the good old days," haven't you? And how often have you sat in at the fireside during a cold winter's night and listened to the "old guard" talk about the famous battle between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan; Corbett and Mitchell; Sullivan and Kilrain and numerous other fistic affairs of the bare-knuckle period, and wind up with the remark, "That's the time when you saw real fights, not like the parlor bouts of today."

A blackthorn and shillelagh fight between the Cody and Farrell gangs following an unsatisfactory fistic affair

Not all of us are convinced that the period during which the Boston Strong Boy ruled the roost produced better fighters than are seen in action nowadays, but one thing is certain, the romance of the ring has passed and to-day commercialism rules the sport. Fortunately, the artists of the old school, those who thrived when the *Police Gazette* was at the height of its glory, and the *Illustrated News* and *Police News,* its chief rivals, were battling the *Gazette* for popularity, have left us a legacy. They have left illustrations, unsurpassed in the history of sports art work in this country, drawings that bring back the halcyon days and keep alive the spirit of pugilism.

These illustrations, thousands of which have come into the possession of Nat Fleischer, publisher of this magazine, are convincing proof that there was plenty of romance then and also that the sport as conducted under modern state commission rule has eliminated from boxing the rough-and-tumble, brutal element and the riotous scenes that then prevailed.

* * *

FOR example, you don't see any shillelagh fights such as we have on view in the scene on this page, a battle royal that followed a fight between Joe Connors of Ireland and Chuck Tucker in which the ring was broken into following the knockout of Connors. Joe was a member of the Cody faction and his rival a leader of the Farrell gang, and in anticipation of a lively session both factions came armed with blackthorns and shillelaghs and they engaged in a finish fight in which heads were broken and clothes were torn and the fight didn't end until the police waded into the boys.

And then there were the barroom brawls in which frequently one of the leading pugilists of the day became the hero of the hour. As witness the illustration that appeared in the *Police News* of August, 1883. The Nonpareil, the idol of Brooklyn, then a coming welterweight, was in training for his fight with Tom Henry at Rockaway, Long Island, when he heard a commotion in Healy's saloon at Rockaway Beach and, upon investigation, saw a gang of rowdies attacking a police officer. Quick as a flash, Dempsey sailed in and with nature's own weapons, he did more than Policeman Geiss' club could do, and for his act of bravery he was warmly commended.

It didn't take much to get men into the ring in the days when grandpa was a boy. Commercialism had not yet taken a hold and fights were staged either to settle arguments, to please the girls, or for the sake of earning a few dollars as a side bet.

Out in Omaha there was an unwritten code in the early days of that state that disputes between the hack drivers had to be settled by the fists. Illustrated in this story is an artist's conception of a fight between Thomas Barclay and Frank Owens, two hack drivers who settled the matter of supremacy in a ring pitched in a saloon with only four male spectators and fifteen women.

It seems that Barclay and Owens had a dispute over one of the women and she arranged to have them battle it out with her friends as the spectators. The *Illustrated News* says in its report that "Barclay laid his man low with a thump to the heart that almost killed him, and by his victory he won the heart of Margaret Fonda, over whom the contest was staged."

* * *

BUT that fight was only one of hundreds of a similar nature that took place throughout the country in the "good old days." They resorted to fists then at the least provocation and the back rooms of saloons, cellars, dance halls, lofts—in fact, any convenient spot that was hidden from the

WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

When Nonpareil Jack Dempsey cleaned out a saloon after an attack on Officer Geiss by a gang of rowdies

bluecoats—was acceptable as the scene for action. Elsewhere in this issue is a story of a battle by candlelight that well illustrates to what extent the gladiators went in the days when "grandpa was a boy."

There is a story told in the *Police News* of 1883 of a contest up in Boston that was staged in the center of a frozen lake to avoid police interference. The contestants were two longshoremen who accused each other of stealing the other's belle. First they fought all over the wharf, but when a decision could not be reached because of a tip that the guardians of the law were in sight, the men agreed to go across the bay and have it out to a finish.

A slugging match arranged by a woman to decide who would be her beau.

Unfortunately, soon after the mill began, a constable appeared and the men were dispersed. Still not satisfied, they and their few followers went out seven miles further, where they pitched the ring in the center of a frozen lake. There, after eighty-five minutes of desperate fighting, Harry Fawcett, one of the contestants, dropped from exhaustion and the fight was awarded to his rival, Tim Connolly. Both were cut and bruised and the biting cold didn't add any comfort.

The referee, who had a flowing mustache, was a sight. Instead of his usual facial decoration, he had two protruding chunks of ice above his chin.

Such were the scenes that frequently were viewed by our grandfathers! The fight game to-day is like a game of ping-pong compared to the rough-and-tumble affairs of the past!

It is illustrations of the kind reprinted here that keep alive the romance of the ring. Perhaps fifty years from now some one will reprint a picture of Nat Fleischer giving Jack Sharkey THE RING silver belt at the Park Lane banquet and revive memories of this era just as the pictures of the old *Police Gazette*, the *Illustrated News* and *Police News* of fifty or more years ago bring back to us of this generation the pugilistic events of days long past. There is a fascination in such illustrations as appear in this series. The artists were human. They saw life with a keen eye and they saw the humor in the actions of their subjects. Pity there are so few illustrators to-day to carry on the work of those who thrived in the profession, "When Grandpa was a Kid!"

The HEADLOCK KING

Strangler Lewis, Veteran of a Thousand Battles, Seeks to Regain Heavyweight Wrestling Title

By MIKE GRIEB

Lewis in 1924, when he was in his prime. Here he is shown practicing the headlock on a dummy which he had specially constructed

THEY say they can't come back! When Strangler Lewis went down to defeat at the hands of "Dynamite" Gus Sonnenberg, wrestling fans put up the cry that Lewis was all washed up as a wrestler. It appeared as though the flying tackle had a distinct edge on the famous head-lock of big Ed and when in the following return bouts Lewis was still on the short end of the stick, even his staunch admirers were forced to admit that the "Strangler" had at last met his nemesis.

Lewis retired and plunged into his favorite form of recreation, the flying game. However, a wrestler of the calibre of Ed could not for long desert his real love. Although Lewis has amassed a comfortable fortune and is not harassed by money troubles, yet we find him back in the thick of the scrap with a match with Jim Londos as the paramount consideration in life.

When we consider that Lewis had already attained the highest honors in wrestling, it is difficult to understand just why he is back on the mat to-day risking his reputation against the younger and rising generation. However, let us go back a little and we will find the answer to this puzzle. Lewis always has been an instinctive wrestler, a mat star who never had to push himself. Undoubtedly, the Strangler would have retired years ago had this not been the case.

To get the full picture of why Ed "Strangler" Lewis is out to get Jim Londos, a man whom he has defeated on several occasions when the present heavyweight champion was just getting his start, it is necessary to review his career.

One has to look long and hard to find a better example of physical perfection than "Strangler" Lewis. When most of the present wrestlers and boxers were still in their early teens, Ed was a topnotch wrestler. Now, when most of his competitors of that period have dropped from the limelight, Lewis is still to be feared and a name to be conjured with. He seems to have learned the art of eternal youth. He does not need monkey glands nor to sip at the famous spring of Ponce de Leon to keep in trim, although he is the possessor at this writing of a paunch.

* * *

FROM early youth Lewis has applied himself to his profession. He lives moderately and work and application are a matter of daily course with him. He has thrived on work. Since his recent match with Shikat, he has been wrestling every night in the week.

Not only is a strong heart necessary to a successful wrestler but a studious mind. One must study the opponent, know his holds and be willing to spend long intervals at perfecting the proper breaks. One must learn all the holds and know just when to apply them. And this the "Strangler" knows.

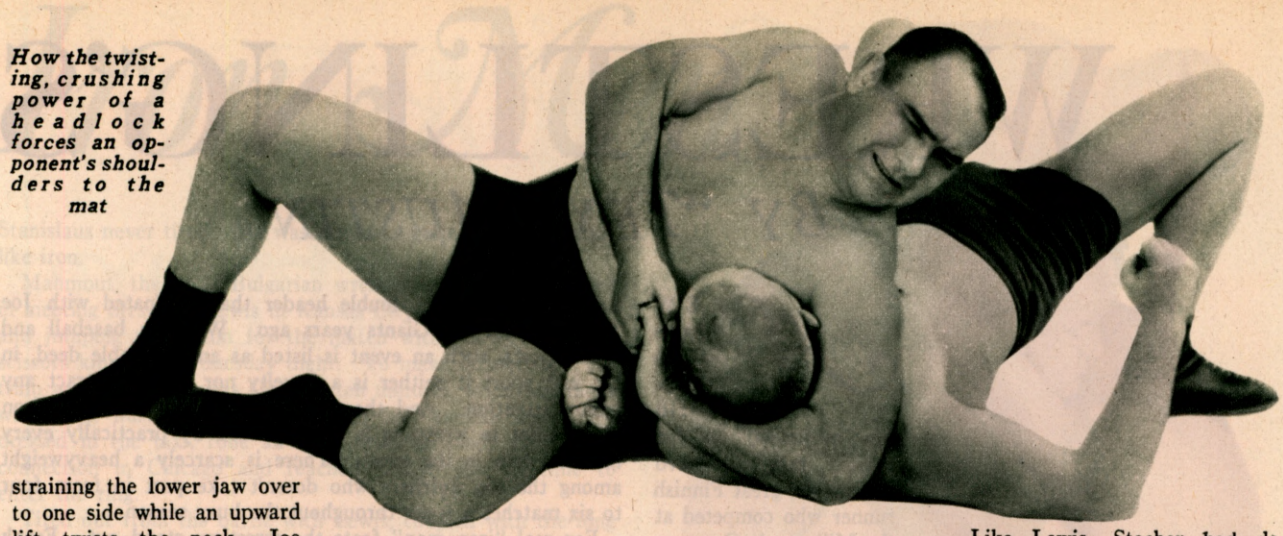
Lewis spent years in perfecting the head-lock and was rewarded by winning the world's championship. He showed his ingenuity and tenacity by constructing a wooden dummy, a take-off of a human head, split in the middle and again joined by a powerful steel spring. Daily, for years, he snuggled this mock wrestler in the crook of his arm and applied pressure for protracted periods. Naturally this has developed the particular muscles for applying the hold to their maximum and enables him to achieve results with the hold that others less persevering could not accomplish.

Much was said about this hold of Lewis, his victims declaring it was illegal, but now the hold is an approved one in wrestling. When Zbyszko first complained of the hold, Lewis was married to a Dr. Ada Scott, who cared for him while he had a broken leg. Her explanation of the hold follows:

"The object of this hold is to obstruct the peripheral, the superficial circulation; the peripheral being venuous all over the body. Pressure applied first produces numbness, then stupor, followed by unconsciousness. It can be likened to an anesthesia condition, for while producing unconsciousness it has no bad after effects. It positively could not be injurious; for no man is strong enough to apply the hold with sufficient force to crack the skull."

* * *

LEWIS, who is not only a student of wrestling but also of anatomy, applies his hold in a manner that racks the muscles seriously and affects the nerves. When clamping the hold he places one arm so that it passes around the back of the head, with the forearm boring into the face just between the cheekbone and the chin. A lateral pressure is then exerted,



How the twisting, crushing power of a headlock forces an opponent's shoulders to the mat

straining the lower jaw over to one side while an upward lift twists the neck. Joe Stecher, with his famous leg scissors, the late Frank Gotch with his toe hold, Gus Sonnenberg with his flying tackle, the Japanese nerve lock of Sun Jennings, the aeroplane scissors of Jim Browning and other famous wrestling grips are similar examples of steady application.

Lewis received his education at the Kentucky State University where botany was his specialty; while at college he was coach of football, basketball and wrestling. Even at this early date he had developed the sound body which has carried him through his two decades of topnotch wrestling.

His first championship came in 1917 when he threw Stanislaus Zbyszko, the mighty Pole who had never lost one bout in 942. Prior to this match, he had earned the right to meet the champion by decisively defeating Santel, Cutler, Dr. Roller and Olin.

Until 1925, Lewis successfully defended his crown against such worthies as Zbyszko, Earl Caddock, Gardini and many lesser lights. In 1926 Lewis was caught napping. He evidently underestimated his opponent considerably and was defeated by "Big Wayne" Munn, who in turn lost to Zbyszko and the latter to Joe Stecher. Then arose a tremendous uproar by Lewis and Billy Sandow, for Lewis had defeated Munn decisively in a return bout and again claimed the title because Stecher refused to meet him, saying that Lewis had refused a match when he held the crown.

Then, as now, run arounds were in order, but finally in February, 1928, the match was arranged and in two short periods Lewis proved that the head lock was the master of the scissors hold. Stecher was considered by many to be nearly invincible. He had so strengthened his leg muscles that the scissors hold applied by him was almost fool-proof. Unless a man succeeded in breaking the hold, he was knocked out as if he had received a blow in the pit of the stomach.

The Strangler in a recent training pose. Note the flabbiness of the Strangler as compared to his 1924 picture

Like Lewis, Stecher had defeated the best of the contenders. He was a man to be feared and had youth in his favor.

But Lewis was not to be deterred and before a huge crowd clearly demonstrated that he not only had the strength and agility to stand up under terrific punishment but could successfully administer his own famous lock even against so strong an opponent as Stecher. Stecher had met his master and Lewis once more was on top.

* * *

A NEW star was appearing on the horizon, Gus Sannenberg, the Dartmouth football player. Lewis took him on for the National Boxing Association title, and in the first encounter managed to side-step the diving butt of Sonnenberg. In fact, one of the butts carried Sonnenberg out of the ring with such force that his head collided with the concrete, and Mr. Gus was unable to continue for the second fall. And the bout went to his rival.

However, the new star was not to be held down and in a return match, Lewis received the full force of Gus' driving tackle and went down and out. The trick of Gus' dive seems to be that as he dives he snaps his head up either against the stomach or the heart, so that the result is like a heavy blow with the fist. Six times he hit Lewis with such force that Lewis was sent out of the ring. The seventh time the referee counted Lewis out while climbing back.

Of course there was the usual song and dance, first by Sandow, who claimed that Gus and Lewis had been told before the match by the referee that if either were knocked out of the ring the other was to remain on the opposite side till his opponent had re-entered. This, Sandow claimed, Gus did not do and, therefore, was able each succeeding time to butt Lewis as he climbed

(*Continued on page* 36)

WRESTLING'S

BY "TEX" AUSTIN

Dick Shikat, Pennsylvania's star heavyweight

A FEW years ago, the athletic world was astounded by the athletic feat of Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish runner who competed at the Millrose A. C. games of New York City one night, hopped about a Chicago flyer to race in two events there the following night and immediately after these events were completed, entrained again for New York to take part at the games of the New York Athletic Club. Mel Sheppard once performed a similar feat when he competed in New York one night, in Boston, the next, back again in New York the third day and was seen in action in the Meadowbrook games in Philadelphia the fourth day.

But such feats among track and field stars is not so frequent as among the wrestlers. We often hear of the "iron man" stunt on baseball, a feat of pitching a double header that originated with Joe McGinnity of the Giants years ago. While in baseball and other sports, such an event is listed as an admirable deed, in the mat sport it neither is a novelty nor does it attract any undue attention. And the reason for this is that the "iron man" stunt in wrestling is accomplished by practically every man of note in the sport. There is scarcely a heavyweight among the top notchers who doesn't take part in from four to six matches a week throughout the busy season.

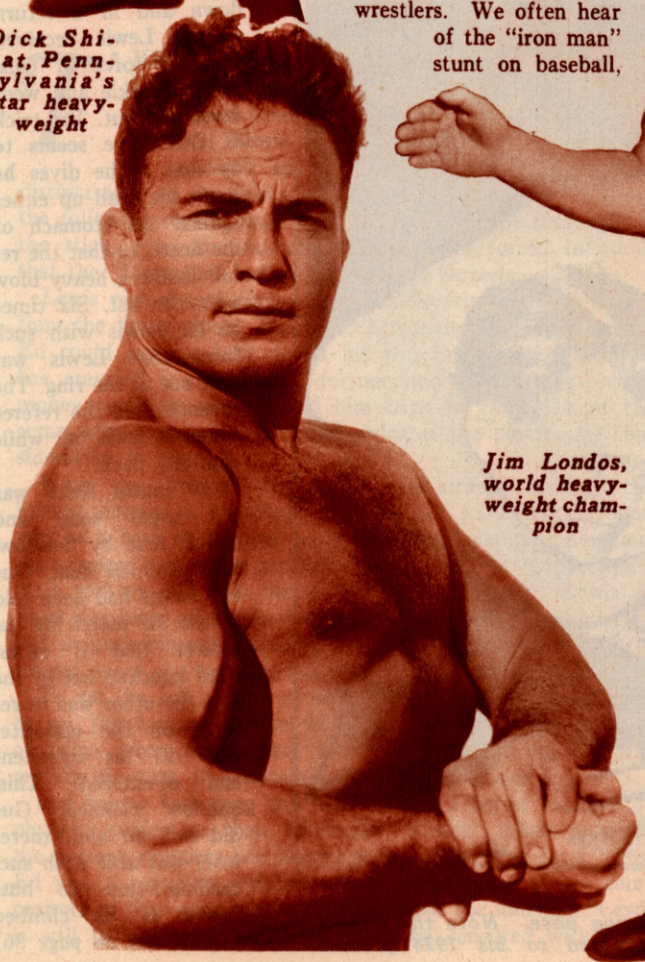
For real "iron man" feats the wrestlers stand out. Frank Gotch was among the foremost of that group when he held the heavyweight crown. It was nothing unusual to see him compete in one city after another night after night while on tour with Jack Curley.

Doc Roller, another Curley wrestler, now retired and practicing in New York, was famous for "iron man" competition. When going in "high", he wanted to work six nights a week and Curley frequently obliged him. A night off was a novelty for him.

On one occasion his schedule opened in Montreal. Leaving the Canadian City in the morning he journeyed to Boston for a match, then jumped on a rattler for a bout at Pittsburgh on the following night, showed at Indianapolis on Thursday, in Chicago on Friday and in Minneapolis on Saturday night. The chances are good that Dr. Roller took part in some matinee on Sunday somewhere in the West, for burlesque houses had Sunday shows in those days and their programs were not curtailed as they are today.

* * *

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, a wonderful wrestler in his prime, was another of the iron men of the mat game. Once at Johnstown, Pa., he played three performances in one day. It was when he first came to this country and was making his first trip around. At the time Johnstown was, as it is now, a great iron mills town. Some of the crews were working three shifts a day, so in order to give every one of his countrymen a chance to see him, he staged the three shows eight hours apart. On another occasion he wrestled on a Christmas afternoon in Trenton, N. J., then jumped to New Haven, Conn.



Jim Londos, world heavyweight champion

Jack Sherry, Ohio veteran

Iron Men

Stanislaus never tired. He was a master grappler with a body like iron.

Mahmout, the great Bulgarian wrestler, tried a tough stunt in meeting Strangler Lewis in Kansas City on a Monday night, and jumping to Boston for the match with Joe Stecher, the scissors king, on Wednesday night. To make connections, the train was held at Kansas City for ten minutes, while Mahmout was being hustled from Convention hall to the depot. He dressed in the taxi, rode all night without food, made close connection in Chicago and reached Boston just in time to enter the ring.

Tired out from the battle with Lewis, coupled with the long train ride, Mahmout was in no condition to do himself justice and even his great skill and natural ability were not enough to enable him to even make a real battle against the scissors-hold king.

* * *

JIM LONDOS of the present day wrestling stars, holds the record for continuous competition. For almost a full month prior to clashing with Ray Steele in Madison Square Garden, the Greek Adonis wrestled every night except Sunday. Twice he missed a Saturday bout, thus making a total of 24 hours in 31 days. Londos seems to thrive on such competition for only a few weeks ago he repeated when he wrestled six nights in a row for two weeks, only taking a holiday on Sundays.

Ray Steele, Don George, McMillan George Calza, Sam Stein, Herb Freeman, Jim Browning, Ed De Glane, Sandor Szabo, Jack Sherry, Benny Ginsburg, Dr. Wilson and Bill Middlekauff are among the present day grapplers who are seen in competition night after night. A few weeks ago, after Strangler Lewis had defeated Dick Shikat, he was put to work by Jack Curley in filling in spots around the eastern circuit which had hitherto been reserved for Londos but were taken from him when he deserted the Curley-Pfeffer-Miller-Mondt group to go on his own.

The first assignment of Lewis following that match, was on a Monday night at Freeport, L. I.; on Tuesday at the Coliseum of The Bronx; Wednesday at Hempstead, L. I.; Thursday at Jersey City; Friday at Babylon, L. I.; and on Saturday at the Island Park Stadium of Island Park, L. I. Then the following week, he again appeared in six matches with Stein and Dr. Wilson accompanying him to each place.

Stanislaus Zbyszko getting a toe hold on his opponent

Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian Adonis

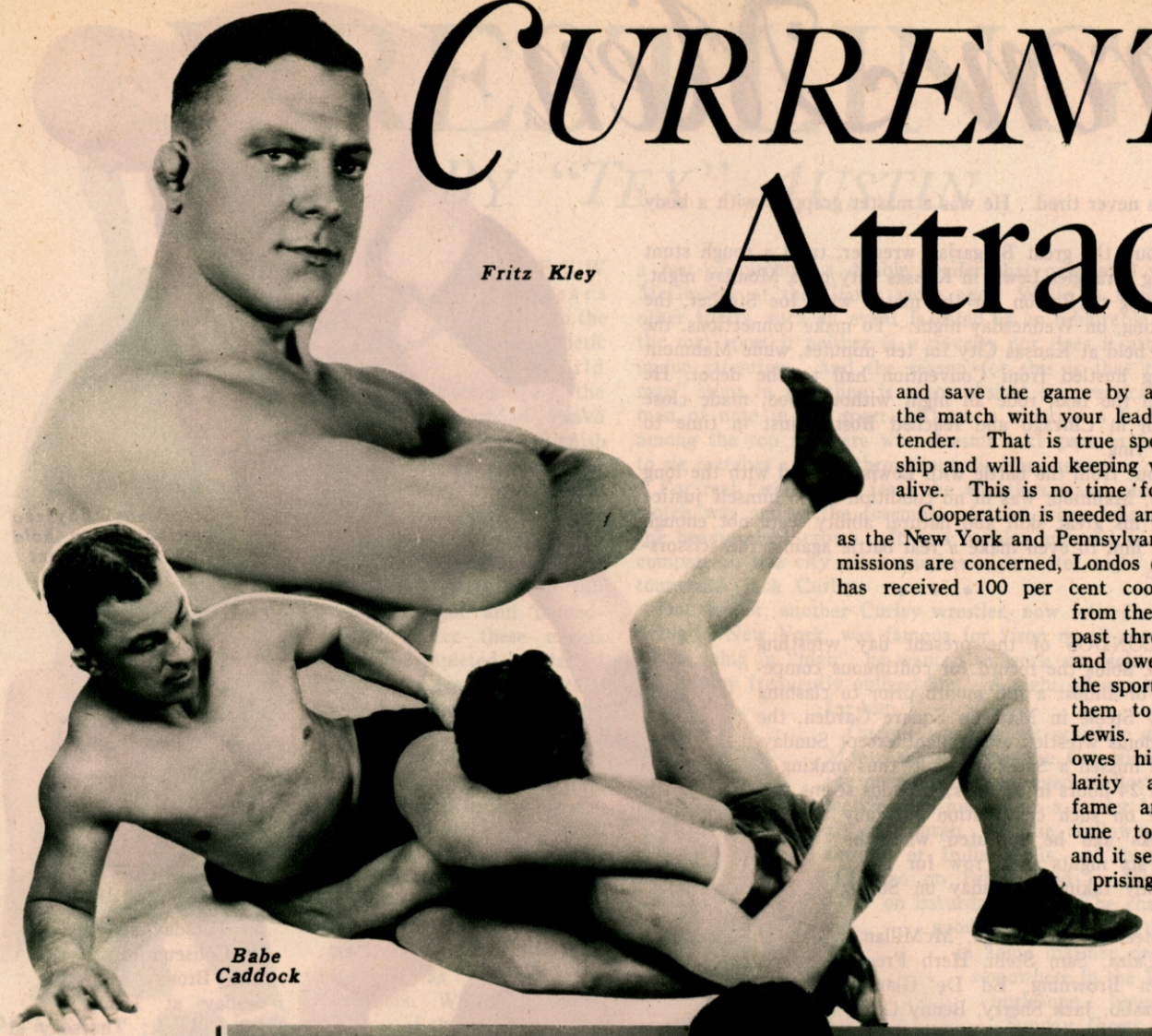
Sam Stein, the Jewish champion

For a time Don George, Gus Sonnenberg Lee Wyckoff and Nick Lutze, are gluttons for punishment. They were seen in action nightly for days at a stretch until recently and never seemed to feel any ill effects. I asked Strangler Lewis a few weeks ago whether such continuous competition didn't bring on staleness and fatigue and he replied in the negative.

"A good wrestler thrives on work. He never grows stale because the more competition he gets, the better condition he finds himself in. A wrestler takes on weight quickly when idle and to be at his best he must keep away from flabbiness."

George Hackenschmidt, the great Russian wrestler, on his second trip to this country, was worked every night for upwards of two months, the trip ranging from the Atlantic to the Pacific and (*Continued on page* 38)

CURRENT Attrac-



Fritz Kley

Babe Caddock

THE mat sport continues to overshadow boxing throughout the country, although the promoters are finding that the income derived from wrestling has taken a tremendous drop since last April. Most of the outdoor clubs now in operation, have added wrestling to the weekly programmes. They are running one wrestling and one boxing show a week, but how long this will continue, remains to be seen because of the failure of the promoters to show new faces.

Throughout New York and nearby localities, the promoters keep repeating. It has been proved repeatedly that the average fan will turn out for a good mat show but he gets tired of being fed the same food each week and as a result the attendance is suffering. Then again, the ban placed on Jim Londos in New York and Pennsylvania, where the Greek Adonis is very popular, has hurt considerably.

Unless Londos agrees to meet Strangler Lewis, as the commissions demand, the wrestling game will not prosper in the East this fall and winter as it did last. Why Londos refuses to accept the defi of the Strangler is a mystery, as the majority of the experts feel that Jim is in a much better condition than is his rival and should emerge the victor.

Come on, Londos, forget your differences with Jack Curley and save the game by accepting the match with your leading contender. That is true sportsmanship and will aid keeping wrestling alive. This is no time for war.

Cooperation is needed and so far as the New York and Pennsylvania commissions are concerned, Londos certainly has received 100 per cent cooperation from them in the past three years and owes it to the sport and to them to wrestle Lewis. Londos owes his popularity and his fame and fortune to Curley and it seems surprising that he should desert Jack after all that Curley has done for him.

As was predicted last month, several of the stars of the Curley group

Gus Sonnenberg

Freddie Meyers

Wrestling tions

BY "TIM" HUNTER

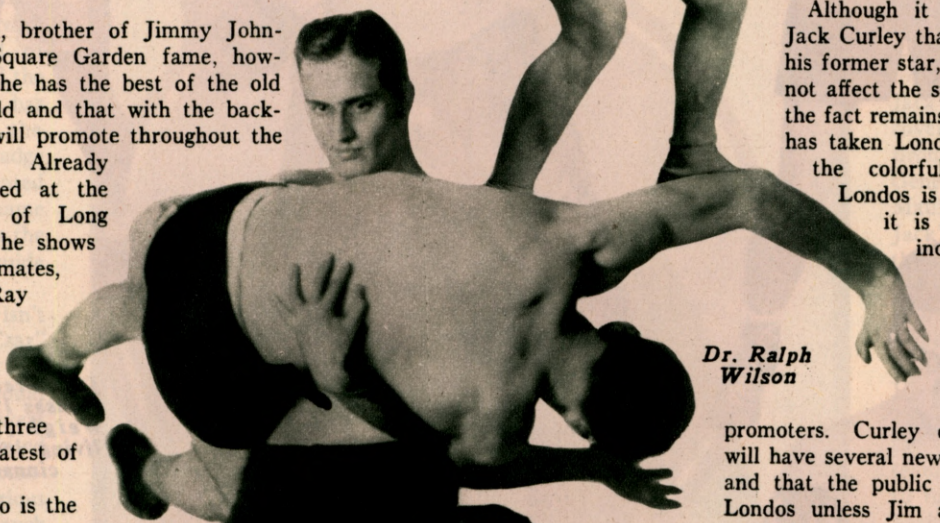
Rudy Dusek

have deserted and have thrown their lot with Londos. But I doubt that they will continue to keep out of the fold as there is no denying that the Curley combine holds the upper hand on wrestling in this country.

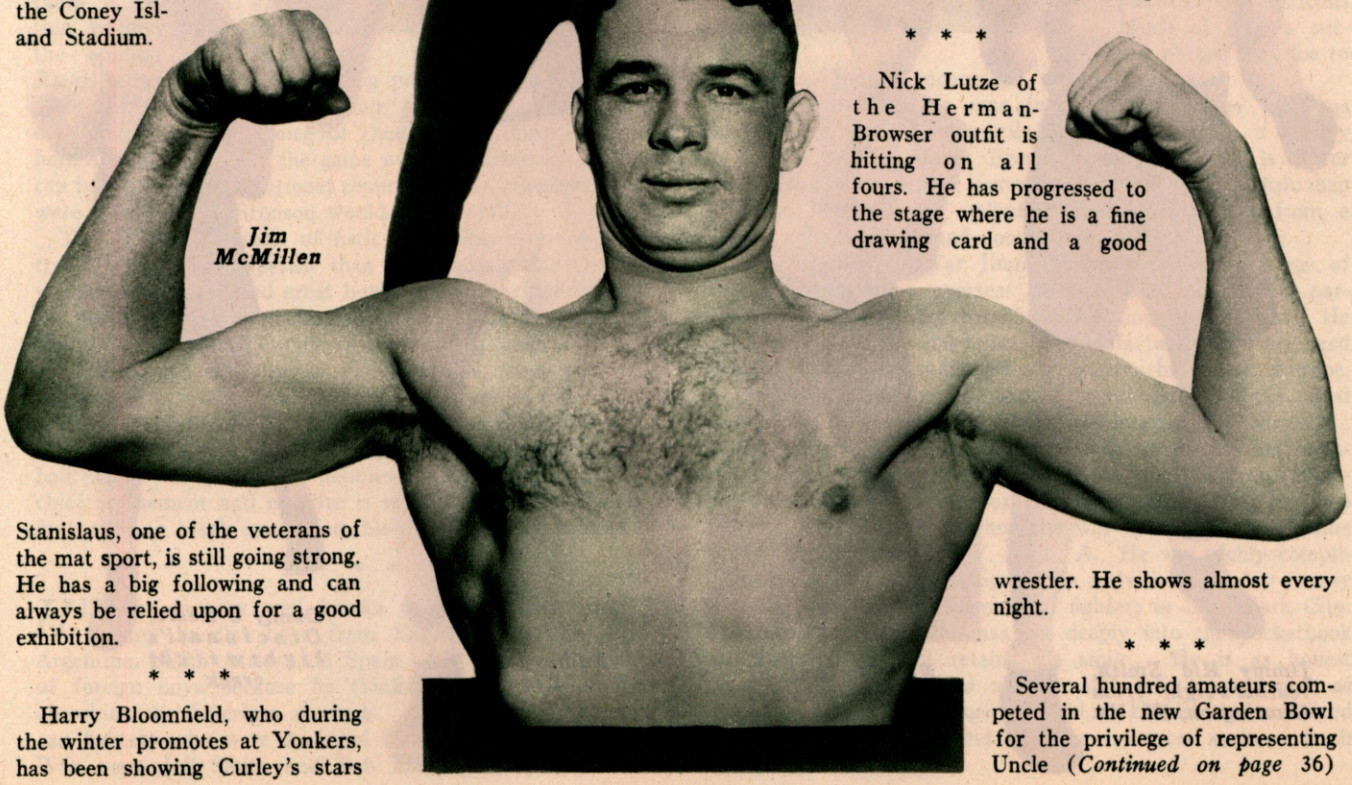
* * *

Charley Johnston, brother of Jimmy Johnston of Madison Square Garden fame, however, declares that he has the best of the old Curley group in fold and that with the backing of Londos, he will promote throughout the fall and winter. Already Johnston has opened at the Queensboro Club of Long Island City where he shows Londos' old stablemates, Hans Steinke, Ray Steele, Jim McMillen, Rudy Dusek and Gino Garibaldi, a star aggregation. The first three rank among the greatest of America's talent.

Stanislaus Zbyszko is the star of still another group that operates at the Coney Island Stadium.



Dr. Ralph Wilson



Jim McMillen

Stanislaus, one of the veterans of the mat sport, is still going strong. He has a big following and can always be relied upon for a good exhibition.

* * *

Harry Bloomfield, who during the winter promotes at Yonkers, has been showing Curley's stars at the Island Park Stadium and just across the bridge, George Smith, who handles the financial affairs of Joe Jacobs and Max Schmeling at the gate at all big fights, has been exhibiting the Browser group of grapplers. Both places are summer resorts and draw good houses.

* * *

Although it is predicted by Jack Curley that the absence of his former star, Jim Londos will not affect the sport in the East, the fact remains that Lewis, who has taken Londos' place, is not the colorful wrestler that Londos is and as a result, it is doubtful if the indoor season will be a very prosperous one unless new talent of the colorful variety is imported by the promoters. Curley declares that he will have several new faces to present and that the public will soon forget Londos unless Jim accepts a match with Lewis for the world's heavyweight championship.

* * *

Nick Lutze of the Herman-Browser outfit is hitting on all fours. He has progressed to the stage where he is a fine drawing card and a good wrestler. He shows almost every night.

* * *

Several hundred amateurs competed in the new Garden Bowl for the privilege of representing Uncle (*Continued on page* 36)

Colorful Youngsters

Joey Speigal, Uniontown, Pa., welterweight pride

Carlos Herrera, brother of Tony, making his home in Chicago

Jess Freeman, Kansas lightweight, now living in Cincinnati

Jimmy Kid Smith, featherweight from Huntington, W. Va.

Nel Tarlton of England, who has a fine claim on featherweight title

Eddie Latko, Cleveland's welterweight entry

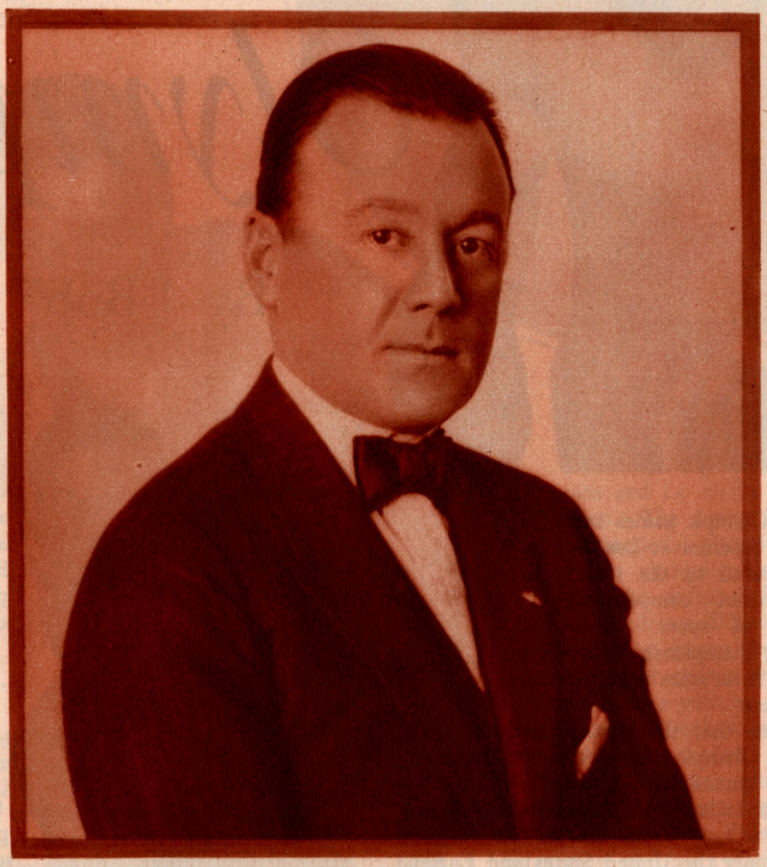
Danny O'Keefe, Cincinnati's lightweight crack

Bronson Would Qualify

But Game Needs no Landis—If Job Were Open Jimmy Could Fill It

By EDWARD MERRILL

AGAIN the question of a Landis for boxing has come to the front as a result of the recent decision that deprived Max Schmeling of the world's heavyweight championship. This time, the National Boxing Association that controls the sport in most of the states and is affiliated with the British Board of Boxing Control and the French Federation, has come forth with the suggestion that a Judge Landis be appointed and offered the name of Gene Tunney as the proper man to guide the sport.



Of course there isn't a chance for a "Czar" to be appointed as such procedure would conflict with powers of the duly appointed representatives of commissions in the various states, but were such a plan practicable, there is one man in this country, who in the opinion of THE RING, is better fitted for such a post than any other person identified with boxing. Debonair Jimmy Bronson would be our choice and the choice of thousands of his friends both here and abroad. But the game needs no Landis. The sport can be run without a national commissioner. However, if there were such a need, Bronson would fill the bill.

There's no impresario of fistic stars who is more popular, trustworthy and competent than Jimmy Bronson, who in his younger days displayed great boxing as well as fighting ability in the amateurs and professional ring. Born in Joplin, Mo., about 50 years ago, Jimmy took to boxing when a mere boy and after some considerable success in the simon pure ranks, he became a professional ringster at the age of eighteen.

Besides the manly art, he was a general all-around athlete. He was quite a proficient ball player, sprinter, skater and football player but to-day, his hobbies are fighting and golf. His chief amusement and exercise is gained on the links when he finds time to break away from his busy stable of fighters.

* * *

HIS firm is very well known throughout the world, for Jimmy handles boys from England, Australia, France, Argentine, South Africa and Spain. He likes to take charge of foreign boys because he thinks that they are quick in absorbing the American methods. Among the leading American fighters who were managed by Bronson after the World War, were Jeff Smith and Bob Martin, heavyweight champion of the American Expeditionary Forces. It was Bronson who finally induced Smith to retire after Jeff had been in the ring for upwards of fifteen years.

Bronson's greatest achievement in the ring as a handler was when he saved Gene Tunney's crown by his coolness in Gene's corner after Dempsey had almost knocked Tunney out. It was Bronson who advised Gene to keep away from Jack until he fully recovered and it was Bronson who sent Gene after the Manassa Mauler when he saw Jack's legs give way in the ninth round.

It was Bronson also who was responsible for bringing out Tunney during the World War. He took Gene around Europe as a member of the American boxing team and urged Gene to turn to professional boxing because of his knowledge of the finer points of fisticuffs Much of Gene's success abroad was due to Bronson. Jimmy encouraged Gene to go on.

There's probably no man in the boxing game who has had such a vast and versatile experience in such a variety of sports as has Jimmy Bronson. Surely no one is better educated nor has a finer command of the King's English than Bronson. He has an unlimited vocabulary gained from a liberal college career and contact with men of learning.

After the World War Jimmy was appointed in charge of athletic competition overseas by General Pershing, his particular work being the handling of boxing tournaments. He refereed more than 200 bouts, all satisfactorily, and managed boxing shows and other athletic meets throughout Europe. Bronson became the most sort after referee in all the allied forces and was greatly in demand in international shows.

Before joing the ranks of professional promoters and managers, Bronson, after retiring from the ring, took to reporting for a Western newspaper. He later quit writing to come east as a manager, and when the war broke out, he became a field secretary for the Y. M. C. A. He was highly complimented by General Pershing for his activities. To-day Jimmy is engaged in the management of fighters in New York City. Although the depression has cut deeply into the pocketbook of Bronson, he still retains his smile. He is as honest as the day is long and as fine and fair a sportsman as ever entered the managerial field. He is the well-bred type of manager, the kind that are as scarce as hen's teeth in boxing.

Again the Olympics!

By "Bob" Burrill

Fidel LaBarba, Olympic and professional flyweight champion

ONCE more the Olympic games are with us. The giant Stadium at Los Angeles has been dedicated to the staging of these international competitions in every variety of sport. And that means the Olympic boxing championships, bringing together the best amateur fistic stars from all over the world against our leaders.

It is interesting to note that the boxing tourney at Los Angeles will be the first Olympic competition in this country. When the Olympic games were held at St. Louis in 1904 boxing was not then included in the international programme.

Besides, in those days only the United States and England had organized amateur boxing. The game had yet to spread from England across the Continent, and from the United States into Central and South America.

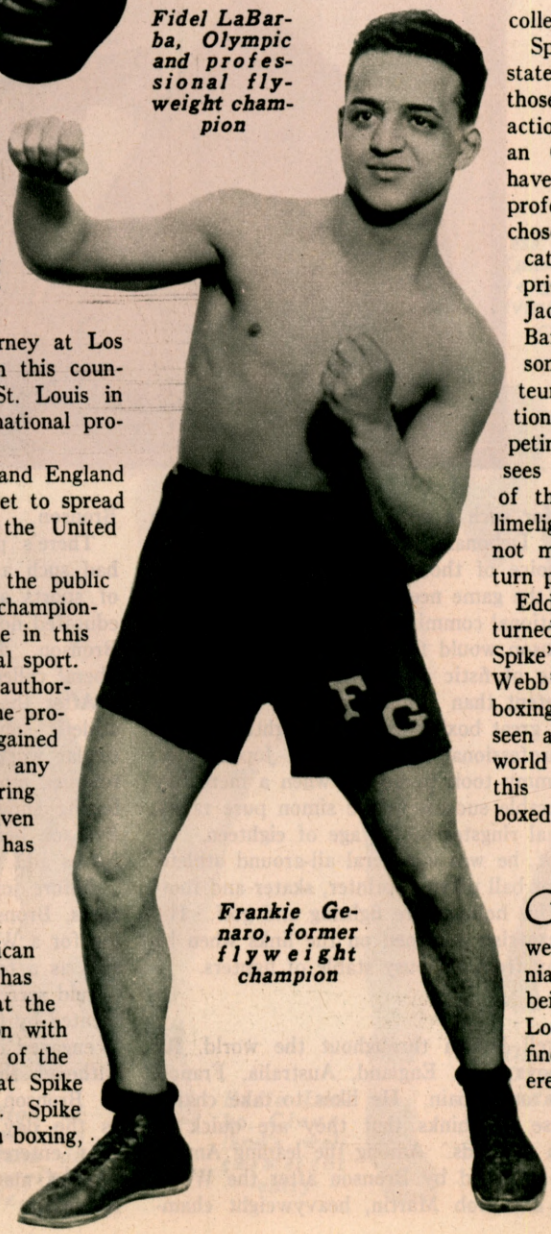
With the Olympic tourney at Los Angeles in the public eye it would be well to go over past Olympic championships and note what effect they had on the game in this country, and on the complexion of the professional sport. It always has been the complaint of the amateur authorities that Olympic champions too often turn to the professional ring to capitalize on the fame they have gained as Olympic stars. Just why there should be any objection to a man's turning to the professional ring to make a living out of the skill which he had given to amateur boxing without recompense always has eluded the writer.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, the coach of the American Olympic team again is Spike Webb, who has had much experience in that line and is coach at the United States Naval Academy. Webb's connection with the American team guaranteed a skillful handling of the men and the sport. It will be remembered that Spike coached our boxers at Paris and at Antwerp. Spike knows how to handle men as well as how to teach boxing, as is evidenced by the fact that for nine years he has been head boxing coach at Annapolis where his boys have cleaned up in inter-collegiate boxing matches.

Spike is authority for the statement that most of those whom he has seen in action in his many years as an Olympic coach, could have made their mark in the professional field had they chosen boxing as their vocation. He points with pride to Frankie Genaro, Jackie Fields, Fidel La Barba and Eddie Eagan as some of the great amateurs who became international figures after competing in the Olympics and sees no reason why several of those who were in the limelight this year should not make good should they turn pro.

Eddie Eagan, who has just turned author, is perhaps Spike's prize product. It is Webb's contention that the boxing world would have seen another Gene Tunney, a world heavyweight king in this collegian had Eagan boxed professionally.



Frankie Genaro, former flyweight champion

* * *

AS for La Barba and Fields, they were products of California tutoring, their teacher being George Blake of Los Angeles, one of the finest boxing officials, referee, manager and boxing instructor in the world. It was Blake who brought these stars to the front as simon pures and then entered

Games at Los Angeles Stress Success of Genaro, Fields, and La Barba in Past Internationals

them into the Olympic competition.

They made the American team, went to Paris in 1924 and came home with the greatest of all amateur crowns—Olympic titles. Fidel won the flyweight championship and Fields, now welterweight champion, carried off the honors in the featherweight class. And what these boys accomplished then, Spike Webb thinks several who competed this year can duplicate.

Spike Webb, famous Navy and Olympic boxing coach

Despite the fact that hundreds of lads take part in the preliminary tournaments for a crack at the Olympics and then those who qualify take part in many other bouts before they finally reach the round that enables them to become a finalist, only a handful of the hundreds ever even attempt professional boxing. But of those who have reached such a decision, most have made good. And there is a good reason for their success—proper training.

When La Barba beat Genaro for the flyweight title in this country after both had turned professional, it will be recalled that it was a case of two former Olympic champions facing each other. Genaro started boxing as an amateur in 1919 and that year and the following, he won the national and state championships. His first professional bout was with Billy Murphy in 1920 and since then he has fought all over the world and with considerable success. It was only recently that he lost the National Boxing Association flyweight championship.

Genaro, only one year after he began boxing, won the Olympic title at Antwerp, Belgium, and after his victory, he was highly praised by the King. Webb, who trained the boxers for this year's Olympic tournament, was in charge of the American boys when Genaro won the title. This year's games was the fourth in which Spike Webb trained our boxing team.

Jackie Fields of California, who won Olympic crown

* * *

LA BARBA was first discovered by Blake who sent him through a winner of 1924 National championships at Boston, then saw in him a potential champion at the Olympics and La Barba fulfilled Blake's expectations. The young Californian first attracted international attention when he won the flyweight championship at the Paris games in which he defeated McKenzie of England at the Veledrome D'Hiver. His victory was one of two firs' places that the United States won in the eight classes and had much to do with this country's winning of the Olympic championships with 38 points as against 30 for England, which finished second.

When La Barba came back to this country, Blake didn't advocate a professional career for the champion, but when Fidel decided to go after the big money with his swatting fists, the warm friendship that had sprung up between Blake and La Barba continued and Blake has been handling Fidel's affairs ever since. He piloted the little coast lad to a world championship.

As for Fields, whose family name is Jacob Finklestein, he made rapid strides from the time he won the Olympic featherweight title, although it took him five years before he won the world welterweight crown. Like Genaro and La Barba he got his schooling in the simon pure ranks, but in his case, he had considerable experience to start with, experience gained in street fights. Like Fidel, he joined the Los Angeles A. C. where Blake was the instructor and there learned the finer points of the game.

* * *

A FEW years from now, when the present day kings of pugilism will have dropped from active competition, who knows but what, as in the cases of La Barba, Genaro and Fields, one of the boys who tossed the mitts in this year's Olympics will occupy the thrones left vacant by the kings of to-day. Dozens of boys who never won an Olympic title, but qualified for the sectional tryouts, or won state and national crowns, have occupied prominent positions as professionals, hence why not the stars of this year if they decide to turn pros?

We have such famous names as those of Tony Canzoneri, world lightweight (*Continued on page* 38)

Fistic Flashes

Freddy Fiducia, sensational middleweight of Newark

K. O. Crom, hard-hitting Texan battler

J. D. Rogers, colored light-heavyweight, just returned from Europe

Art Lasky, promising Minnesota heavyweight contender

Emil "Young" Lust, star welterweight of Western Canada

Peter Jackson, crack featherweight, a good card in Canada

Emmett Rocco, New Castle, Pa. heavyweight

BOYS WHO are making HEADWAY

Billy Williams, West Virginia's star lightweight

Mickey Hughes, clever Australian

Howard Scott, St. Louis 130-pounder

Tommy Liberto, rugged lightweight from York, Pa.

Young Harry Lenox, a 126-pounder of Cumberland, Md.

Kid Moro, latest lightweight champion of the Orient

Iowa Joe Rivers, junior welterweight champion of Iowa

The PRIZE RING

Story of old and modern fighters in the making of lurid history and colorful romance in the famous Creole center

By Clem G. Hearsey

(This is the final installment of a series on New Orleans fight history by a notable writer who died shortly after completing this story)—Editor's note

Jim Hall, who was knocked out by Fitzsimmons in four rounds

Joe Goddard who fought Denver Ed Smith in the Crescent City

MANY are the stories told of Squire Abingdon Baird, famous British turfman, man of money, backer of fighters and gambler. When Australian Jim Hall fought Bob Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, as told in the last chapter of this story, the Squire figured prominently in the picture. And still more prominently did he figure after the fight, for following the Hall-Fitz fight, in a night of dissipation, the Seal of Death was the ugly period mark to a wild round in which the Squire and his party were the principals.

The party was headed by the Squire, a rake and a millionaire, a member of several of the first noble families of Queen Victoria's realm. He had gained his greatest notoriety through his affiliation with the beautiful Mrs. Langtry and the fact that he was compelled to pay the Jersey Lilly an enormous sum as damages for striking her in the face with a riding crop during a fit of jealous rage.

When Fitzsimmons abridged Hall's championship aspirations by knocking out the Australian in the fourth round, the Squire was in Hall's corner. With Hall, Charley Mitchell and Pony Moore, the minstrel, Mitchell's father-in-law, Abingdon started out after the fight on a protracted spree that hummed for several nights through the tenderloin to the accompaniment of popping corks, breaking glasses, tinkling music and ribald songs.

The weather was cold and rainy, and the Squire had foolishly exposed himself in going from mansion to mansion along Custom House street, without his cape and slicker. While dancing the fandango with a dazzling Creole from beyond the Franklin Street line, in one of the exclusive houses in Burgundy Street, the Squire had an attack of heart and fell senseless. Mitchell and Hall carried him to the carriage waiting outside and had him driven to his suite in the St. Charles Hotel.

And there the best doctors in the city gathered at the rich sporting man's bed in consultation. It was of no avail. Pneumonia had him in its throttling grip and on a Sunday afternoon, ten days from the night of the fight, he found the liberal hour that lays the beggar at the side of kings. They embalmed his body and sent it home to England for burial.

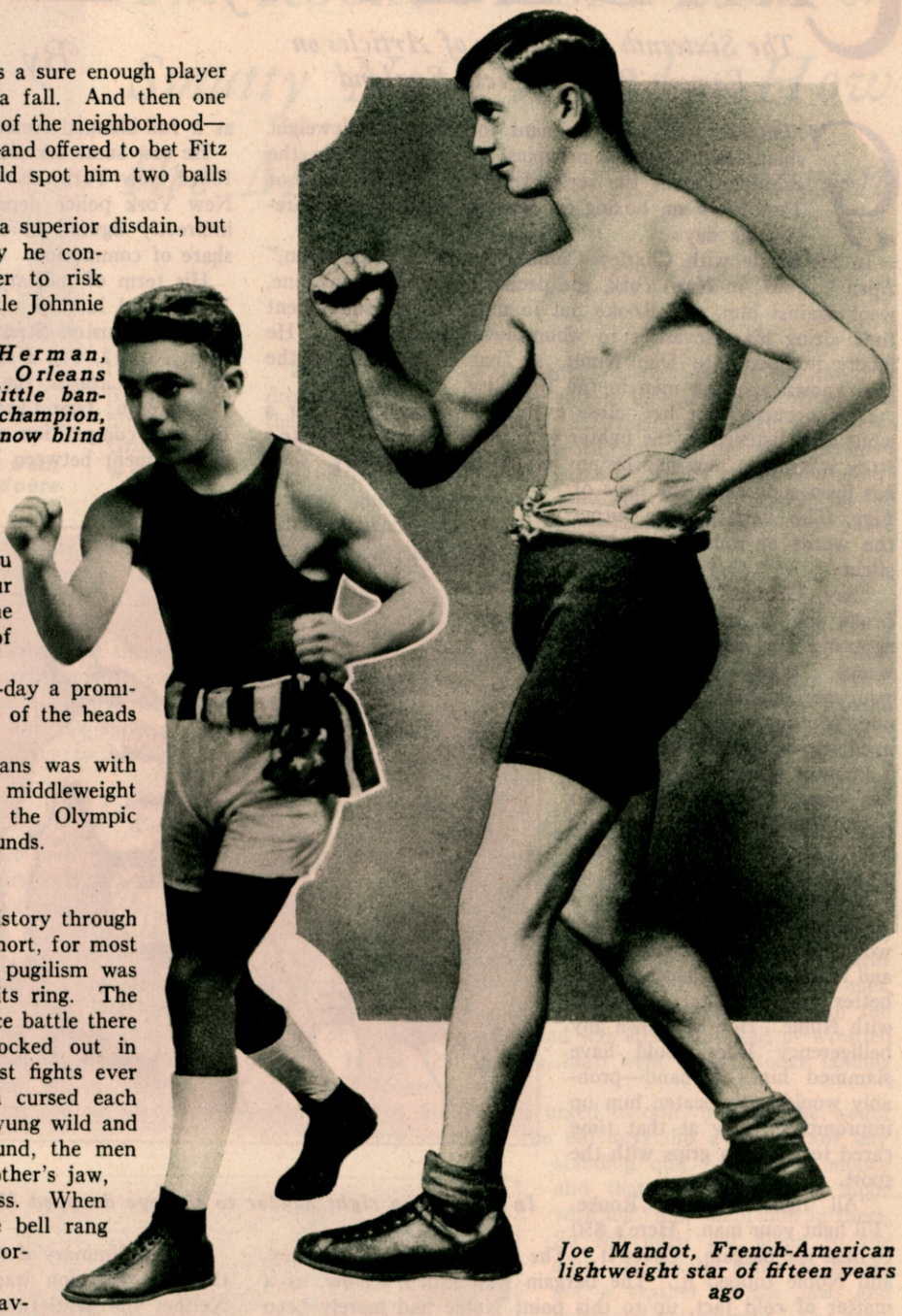
* * *

UP at the Blue House, Napoleon Avenue and the River, Captain Smith, of the order of the old time British tavern keepers, was the boniface. Here gathered all the great pugilistic lights of the time and chief in the company was Bob Fitzsimmons. Bob prided himself on his pool playing as much as he did on his fighting, and every night he'd appear in bar and offer to play anybody a dime a game. They jollied

in New Orleans

Bob along and made him believe he was a sure enough player until Captain Smith had him ripe for a fall. And then one night the captain produced a small boy of the neighborhood—Little Johnnie Puderer they called him—and offered to bet Fitz a dollar to a quarter that Johnnie could spot him two balls and beat him.

Fitz tried to treat the challenge with a superior disdain, but the crowd chaffed him so, that finally he consented to the match, refusing however to risk more than his customary dime bet. Little Johnnie indeed was an expert. He could have spotted Fitz four or five balls, the way he made his runs. Fitz was so taken aback with his defeat, that he never boasted of his skill with the cue again.



Pete Herman, New Orleans great little bantam champion, who is now blind

"Young feller, me lad," he said to small Johnnie who was smiling broadly in satisfaction at his feat, "when you grow up like your papa, you can tell your friends how you once beat Old Bob, the fighting man, at his favorite game of pool."

That lad of the dim yesteryear, is to-day a prominent business man of New Orleans, one of the heads of a big life insurance organization.

Fitzsimmons' last fight in New Orleans was with Dan Creedon, the handsome Australian middleweight champion, on September 20, 1894, at the Olympic Club. Creedon took the count in 3 rounds.

* * *

THE Olympic Club had a glorious history through a period of time that was all too short, for most of the famous fighters of a day when pugilism was at its height in America, appeared in its ring. The Australian giant, Goddard, fought a fierce battle there with Denver Ed Smith, and was knocked out in 18 rounds. It was one of the roughest fights ever seen in the American ring. The men cursed each other like drunken hoodlums as they swung wild and unscientific punches. In the sixth round, the men landed simultaneously, rights on each other's jaw, and both went to the canvas helpless. When Duffy reached the count of eight, the bell rang and the seconds carried them to their corners and revived them.

Billy Plimmer, Jimmy Barry, Jack Havlin, Tommy Warren, Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Stanton Abbott, Owen Ziegler, and such wrestlers as Muldoon, old Strangler (Evan) Lewis, the catch-as-catch-can king, and Ernest Roeber, the Greaco-Roman champion, at one time or other appeared in the Olympic ring.

Fire destroyed the old club, but it lacked the qualities of the fabled Phoenix and did not rise from its ashes. To-day it is only a memory, but a memory that lives as a Homeric record of dauntless fighting men, and clean sport.

James Peyton, who was secretary of the Olympic Club in its term of greatness, is one of the few prominent members alive to-day. Jim is full of the lore of the Prize Ring and he likes nothing better than to sit with his cronies of the elder day, and tell and tell again of the mighty men of the arena and their doughty deeds of battle. Many a time during the racing season, the old time sports of New Orleans have gathered around the fireside to discuss the halcyon days.

Joe Mandot, French-American lightweight star of fifteen years ago

AN influential and high standing organization that was among the pioneers in the fight game in New Orleans was the old Young Men's Gymnastic Club, now the New Orleans Athletic Club. Fights started in the G. C. in the late eighties, and one of the first fistic engagements was between Prof. Conners, of Buffalo, and Tommy Danforth, of Harlem, featherweights, Conners winning by a knockout in 24 rounds.

The G. C. was always the headquarters for the great fighters in training. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, McCoy and others used the gym while preparing themselves for the ring. One of the prize treasures of the club to-day, is a plaster cast of the right arm of John L. Sullivan, made while he was training for the Kilrain fight.

W. A. Coker, the promotive director of the club, which is now the leading organization of its kind in the South, is also chairman of the Louisiana Boxing Commission, and is keen for maintaining clean boxing and (*Continued on page* 37)

CRADLES of BOXING

The Sixteenth of a Series of Articles on Famous Bouts in New England

By "DOC" ALMY
(*Boston's leading boxing authority*)

GEORGE ROOKE, claimant of the middleweight championship, again occupies a feature spot in the continuation of the series from the August issue of THE RING on boxing in New England in the bare-knuckle days.

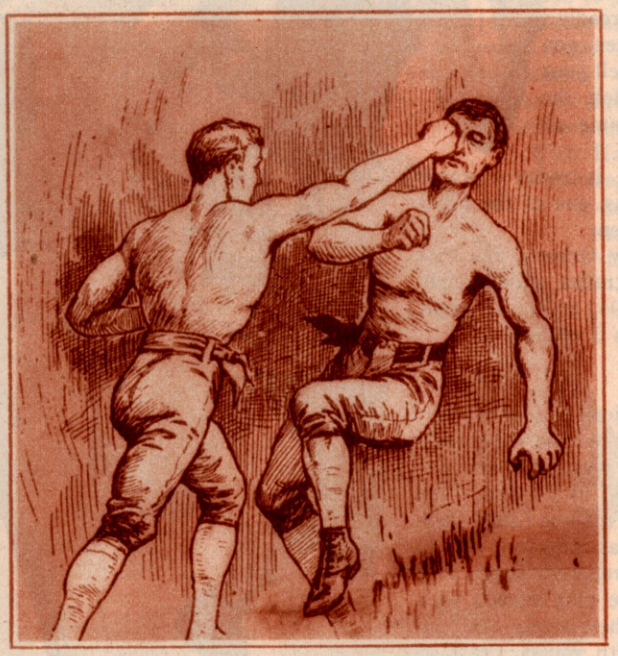
In his battle with Charley Collins, the "Cast Iron Man," April 9, 1867; in New York, the decision, a rather rank one, went against him, and Rooke put in much of his subsequent time airing his grievances to whomsoever would listen. He finally bumped into Dan Noble, at that period one of the best known sporting men in the Big City.

This occurred one hot, close evening in August, and for a while Dan listened to the fighter with great patience. Rooke's story was not a new one by any means—the "Robbery" song has been sung since the days of Figg. The variations in either the words or music have been slight.

"Say, George," Noble finally broke in, "I have heard you spouting for hours, days and weeks. What a yellow hound you are. Collins whipped you, and you know it. You don't even know how to fight. Why, I know a greenhorn who never has been in the ring who can pound you to a jelly for any money you care to put up. He's your own weight, too. What do you say to $500?"

Oh, boy! Ordinarily there would have been a muss then and there, but the ringster knew better than to start anything with Noble. Had he shown any belligerency Dan would have slammed him off hand—probably would have beaten him up impromptu. Few at that time cared to come to grips with the sport.

"All right," snarled Rooke. "I'll fight your man. Here's $50 to bind the bargain. Cover it." The fighter dug up the money. and Noble topped it. The bargain was sealed. Now, as a matter of cold fact, up to this point Noble had merely been fooling—giving Rooke "a call." He didn't have any fighter, greenhorn or otherwise, but the match made and money posted it was up to him to find his man.



In the fifth, a right hander to the eye dropped Moore

* * *

HIS quest took him into a sporting drum in Houston street where Matthew H. Moore, better known as "Rocky," was behind the bar. "So you want somebody to fight Rooke for $500, do you?" was the bartender's comment when Dan had finished his story. "Well, if you will back me, I'm your man." So temporarily, Dan Noble became the manager of "Rocky" Moore. A day later the fistic articles were signed and the cash put in the hands of a stakeholder. The fight was on.

Though not a fighting man by profession, Moore, like many of his kind, could scrap. The devil himself had no terrors for him—he was willing to try anything once. Born in County Limerick, Ireland, Nov. 16, 1839, he had come to New York in his youth and very shortly was rating himself as a full-blooded American.

He saw some service in the Civil War as a member of the 133rd New York, also for a time had been a member of the New York police department. In these early years he had indirectly figured in one episode which had caused its full share of commotion.

His term of military service over and back from the war, Moore had hitched up with one Barney Friery in a saloon in East Houston Street, known as the "10-40 Loan." Next door, No. 12, was a similar establishment. It was conducted by Harry Lazarus, the former featherweight fighter, a son of the veteran, Izzy Lazarus, the "Falstaff of the Prize Ring." Business competition and jealousy resulted in more than one disagreement between Lazarus and Friery—a smouldering fire that was bound to blaze.

Cruel abuse by Friery of a fine dog owned by Lazarus, followed by the "siccing" of Jack Drumgold, a street thug, onto Harry, which latter affair, by the way, got the rough a fearful beating, brought matters to a head. Early in the morning of Jan. 3, 1865, Friery entered the Lazarus saloon and held out his right hand as if in token of friendship. Harry innocently grasped it. As he did so, Friery plunged a knife into his throat, killing the ex-fighter almost instantly. The gallows in the Tombs later settled the score with Friery.

* * *

THOUGH Moore had no part in this affair, it was some time before it was forgotten. At the time of our story, "Rocky," a follower of sport and an athlete, was in good physical trim—a man among men from the viewpoint of strenuosity.

The preliminary details for the contest with Rooke all set, the next question was where to pull it off. Not so easy. Neither the gentlefolk nor the police cared much for either prizefighters or prizefighting. In New York, as generally elsewhere, the game was "agin" the law. Conviction usually resulted in a serious penalty. But Noble was equal to the occasion. He happened to know a chap in Boston, James Bent, by name, owner of a sporting establishment in North Street, who he figured could help him.

So, they got together in The Hub. Bent, who had come to the front as the successor in matters sporty of Ned Price, was the right man. He was well acquainted with Morrissey, Heenan and other fistic lights, and was perfectly willing to mix into any strenuous enterprise. Yes, he would find a place for the battle. How he came to select the Isles of Shoals, no one knows, but the fact remains—he did. The date of Oct. 2, 1867, was set for the festivity and the signing aroused considerable interest. Hub sportsmen eagerly awaited the fray.

While Bent busied himself arranging for a steamer to carry the fighters and their friends from Boston to the islands, Rooke and Moore went into training in New York. "Rocky" had

The Rooke-Moore Battle on Smutty Nose Island—How the Middleweight Crown Changed Hands

In the twenty-second round both went down, with Rooke on top of Moore

three experts to help him — John Grindell to walk and run with him, Frank McIntire to teach him the finer points of sparring, and Mark "Toppy" Maguire to advise as to diet and hygiene. Rooke trained himself, with Sol Aaron doing his rubbing.

Bent, as the great day approached, realizing that the authorities might interfere with his steamboat arrangements, switched his plans. He kept on talking steamboat to throw the police off the scent, but the new plan called for the sports to go by train to Portsmouth, and from that city to boat out to the fighting ground.

* * *

THE night of September 30, the entire mob was in Boston —next day found all safe and sound in Portsmouth, the Boston police meanwhile watching the steamboat which remained tied to its pier. At Portsmouth, several sloops and a small schooner had been hired for the "big picnic" on the Isles of Shoals, and early on the morning of October 2, these were boarded without molestation. An hour later anchors were tossed into the waters of the small harbor that dents Appledore Island. Willing hands pulled the small boats across the narrow stretch which separates that bit of land from Smutty Nose Island, the ring was set up and all was ready for the action.

Jim Collins was selected as referee, while Jim Cusick of Heenan fame, and Mike Costello waited upon Moore, with Pete Dailey and Jack Brown assisting Rooke. The spectators, representing New York, Brooklyn, Providence and Boston, with a few scattered fans from Portsmouth, numbered about 200. Half a dozen fishermen, attracted to the scene by the unusual crowd, mingled in. For them the spectacle was most decidedly unique.

Rooke drew first blood in the initial round and became very cocky over the fact. Also, he became careless, and was thrown for the fall by Moore, who was an expert in that line. As was the custom and code, the toss, a hard one, ended the canto. Hot to vindicate himself, Rooke came out hand-over-hand for the second. He won it, also the next three.

By the fifteenth chapter, the tide had shifted to "Rocky." He had come to the front and was fighting like a veteran

In the windup of the fifth, a right-hander to the eye dropped Moore in a heap and it looked for the time that the show was about to end. His seconds dragged him to his corner, did some strenuous work, and, on the word, shunted him off their knees for the sixth. "Rocky" took to the defensive, and, it is related, outboxed his man much to the general surprise. Aggressiveness, however, gave Rooke the chapter, also one or two more.

* * *

ROOKE, angered by the fact that a chap who was but a mere novice was actually staying with him, began to throw 'em wild, intending to frighten his man and beat him down. But, his wildness made him miss. Moore, though looking somewhat the worse for wear, never lost his head. He remained cold as ice, cleverly blocked or otherwise broke up the smashes thrown in his direction, and, whenever opportunity presented, poked in a stiff one himself.

By the time the 15th chapter was reached, the tide had shifted to "Rocky." He had come from behind to the front and was boxing and fighting as if he had been in the game all his life. It was now Rooke's turn to begin to go to pieces. At the 20th, it was clear that Moore would win the mill, barring an accident or fluke, and his backers became jubilant. They now offered all kinds of money on their man, but the Rooke cash was shy. In close, George got all the worst of it, and in each round was either knocked or wrestled down. In the 22nd session, both went down, Rooke landing on top of Moore.

In the 23rd, Rooke was urged to quit, but that he would not do. Very rarely in the old days did a ringster of any standing quit. His own money and that of his backers, along with his "rep," kept him in there. So the muss got along to the 25th. In a rally and rush Rooke got a crasher to the jaw, and down and out he went. The combat was over—Rooke, a badly whipped man, and Moore, though mussed up, still in splendid fettle. The affair had lasted for one hour, five minutes, without a flaw to mar it. As was the saying, the "best man won."

Two days later in New York, Moore received his share of the stake money, also a percentage of the wagers, enough to set himself up in business. He was hailed as the middleweight champion, though he never claimed the honor nor attempted to make anything in particular out of it. For family reasons, also others best known to himself, Moore refused (*Continued on page* 38)

HEADLINERS *in their* *Locality*

Speedy Clayton, junior-lightweight from South Dakota

Wilbur Chevalier, dashing Detroit featherweight

Dick O'Leary, Cleveland featherweight

Don McLeod, Detroit lightweight

Dave Barry, St. Louis bantamweight

Stumpie Jacobs, Hopewell, Va., lightweight

Buckey Jones, Elizabeth, N. J., lightweight

Fight by Candle Light

By Arthur Lumley

An eyewitness to a great battle in the adventurous Skin Glove Days . .

The fight by candle-light between Harry Bartlett and Mike Cushing

"I WANT to find a good, game 130 pounder who can give and take a licking," said old Barney McGuire, a very well known thoroughbred sport in the tough skin glove days in the 80's in this city.

"I've got just the scrapper you want, Barney, a new English importation, clever, game, and as hard as nails," whispered the famous Owney Geogahan, as he sat in his noted cafe and boxing hall on the Bowery, chatting about fighters and fights with McGuire.

"I'll throw him in the ring with a hard mug and you can pipe him off and form your own opinion," continued Owney, as he shouted to his master of ceremonies to hunt up Harry Bartlett and have him set to with another typical looking pug they called Young Murray.

Now these settos at Geogahan's were no pink teas indeed. They fought with old, hardened, blood-soaked small gloves that were as tough as wood almost and the claret usually flowed very freely in even a four or six round bout.

"I think I have got a rich backer for you, Harry, so make a bang up showing," whispered Owney to the Britisher scrapper, as the latter sat waiting in his corner for the call of time.

Both battlers went at it hammer and tongs from the very start. They walloped away in the most furious manner. Bartlett floored his man three times in the very first round and it was easily seen that he was the most effective and experienced ringster.

The second session was just as fierce as the first with both battlers bleeding from the nose and mouth, but the combating was not fierce enough to suit Mr. Geogahan who constantly shouted: "Shake it up, boys; hit harder, boys."

Poor Murray was beaten to a standstill and Owney ordered him out of the ring and insisted upon putting another victim up against the Britisher in order to convince Mr. McGuire that the foreigner was just what he claimed him to be.

Bartlett's second opponent didn't last any longer than the first and Mr. McGuire was fully satisfied he had found a world beater at last.

* * *

"YOU'RE a wonder boy," was the greeting the old backer of fighters gave Bartlett as he stepped down out of the ring. "Wash up and get your clothes on and come with me. I'll back you for a thousand dollars against any 130 pounder in America."

The Young Englishman seemed a bit confused over his sudden turn of good luck and was rather out of wind but finally managed to say, "Bless yer 'eart governor, Hi'll be with yer in a jiffy."

About this period Mike Cushing, a rattling skin glove fighter, was called the 126 or 128 pound champion of America. He was a very game, clever fighter and had beaten all comers in this part of the country in hard gruelling mills to a desperate finish. "Snapper" Garrison, the famous jockey, at that time was Cushing's principal backer in nearly all of Mike's combats.

For some unknown reason Mr. McGuire was anxious to lower the colors of gallant Mike so he clung to his English fighter like a fond father to a promising son. Nothing was too good for Bartlett. He took him to his own comfortable home and gave him the best room in the house to sleep in.

Mr. McGuire dressed his pugilistic pet in swell clothes and took him around to the principal sporting cafes and introduced him as one of the wonders of fistiana.

For some three months, the blooming Britisher was pampered and fed like a lord, so was his fellow countryman, Alf Robinson, who was engaged by Mr. McGuire to train and second the supposed wonder.

After considerable challenging and wrangling, Mr. McGuire finally succeeded in matching Bartlett to fight Cushing to a finish with skin tight gloves for $1,000 aside, give or take two pounds. The match created quite a furore among the sports around town who were willing to pay a high price and endure all sorts of all-night adventures and (*Continued on page* 37)

When *Nelson Failed*

By Charley Harvey

FROM the time when boxing first gained popularity more than 250 years ago to the present day, the one hope of every defeated champion has been to regain the crown. Many attempts have been made, but few have succeeded. Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke turned the trick among the middleweights in modern fisticuffs, but no fighter since the Queensberry rules went into effect, has come back as heavyweight king after once losing the title. The most notable failure in that division was that of Jim Jeffries, who when he came out of retirement took an awful shellacking from Jack Johnson, then recognized as the heavyweight champion by virtue of his victory over Tommy Burns in Australia.

The most notable failure in an attempted "comeback" in any other division, is probably that of Battling Nelson. When the Durable Dane annexed the world's lightweight title by stopping Jimmy Britt in eighteen rounds at Colma, Cal., on September 9, 1905, he was a strong, sturdy young fellow who, it was figured, would hold the crown for a long time. Instead, in a little less than one year after he beat Britt, he lost to Joe Gans in their memorable Goldfield, Nevada, contest on September 3, 1906, the Baltimore Negro taking the honors on a foul in the forty-second round.

Owen Moran

Thereafter, Nelson, peeved beyond words, kept on the trail of the clever Marylander until he finally obtained a return engagement, that bout resulting in a seventeen-round knockout of Gans at San Francisco, on July 4, 1908, this bringing the championship back to Nelson. The Battler then held the title until he was deposed by Ad Wolgast in a grueling forty-round mill at Port Richmond, Cal., on Washington's Birthday, 1910.

Like all great fighters, Nelson still believed that he was the kingpin of all lightweights and he made no bones about letting the fighting world in on his secret. Nelson was helpless when Referee Ed Smith awarded the victory to Wolgast on a knockout and the Durable Dane, after resting through the summer months, announced that he would re-establish himself and seek a return engagement with his conqueror.

* * *

IT was on November 27, 1910, that Nelson had the opportunity to prove he was worthy of another chance at the champion. On that occasion he picked one of the greatest of modern lightweights to use as the stepping stone, but unfortunately for him, he had selected the wrong man.

Owen Moran, the sturdy, hard-hitting and clever Englishman was chosen as his opponent, and Nelson's attempted "comeback" as a championship contender received a terrible setback. Moran, who was managed by me, handed Nelson the most humiliating defeat a former champion had ever received with the possible exception of that which Johnson had given to Jeffries.

Nelson staked his future on that mill and he lost. He was knocked out in the eleventh round of what was to have been a twenty-round affair and, for the first time in his career, he listened to the count of ten over his head as he gamely struggled to regain his feet after being floored five times with savage right swings.

Thus passed from the championship scene another great fighter, who thereafter, although he remained an active participant in ring contests for three more years, confined himself to the lesser lights and primarily, to no-decision bouts. His days as a forty-five-round fighter ended with that Moran affair.

Only Nelson's indomitable fighting spirit kept him from taking the count on the first knockdown. It was a terrific blow that first put him down, Moran landing flush on the Battler's jaw just at the beginning of the eleventh round, when Nelson still was fresh, but badly outclassed.

The quick finish was a surprise to those who counted on Nelson's stamina to carry him the distance, even though outpointed. It simply was the old story of time collecting its toll, and the no longer Durable Dane now has joined the long procession of former lightweights who were great when they had the punch, but who dropped quickly after their first defeat.

Some of them he helped to oblivion while stepping into his title, but after the whipping he received from Moran, he had to be listed with McGovern, Corbett, Gans and others who were great in victory and pitiful in defeat.

* * *

ONE second after the final count had been tolled off and Referee Selig above the din shouted, "You're out; Moran wins!" Nelson was on his feet, with blood streaming from his mouth and nose, loudly importuning the referee to permit him to continue. Only three more seconds remained for the round to be completed.

Moran from the first tap of the gong proved himself complete master of the situation. There was not one round of the eleven fought that could be accredited to Nelson. I say this, not because I was Moran's manager, but because every ringside reporter agreed on that point.

The Dane was always the aggressor, his evident intention being to force Moran to fight close. In this he was accommodated, but the fight was scarcely two rounds old before Moran showed that he, too, could fight at the Battler's old game.

Round after round Moran would step back, sidestep and dance around the aggressive Nelson, all the while shooting in straight, forceful punches to the jaw and head. He seldom suffered a punch in return.

Nelson was a broken man after his defeat. He cried like a child, and declared that he never would put on a boxing glove again, but he soon got over that for he fought three years longer before he retired. He had been confident that he would win or at least go the distance, and his quick collapse after he had fought with gameness and strength for half the required distance was an agonizing disappointment to him.

Moran was the Battler's match from start to finish, however, and accomplished the former champion's defeat in thorough, workmanlike manner. Even if he had merely outpointed Nelson, it would have been a scarcely less decisive defeat.

The encounter, which took place in Blot's open-air arena, drew an immense throng of fight fans. Sympathy was with

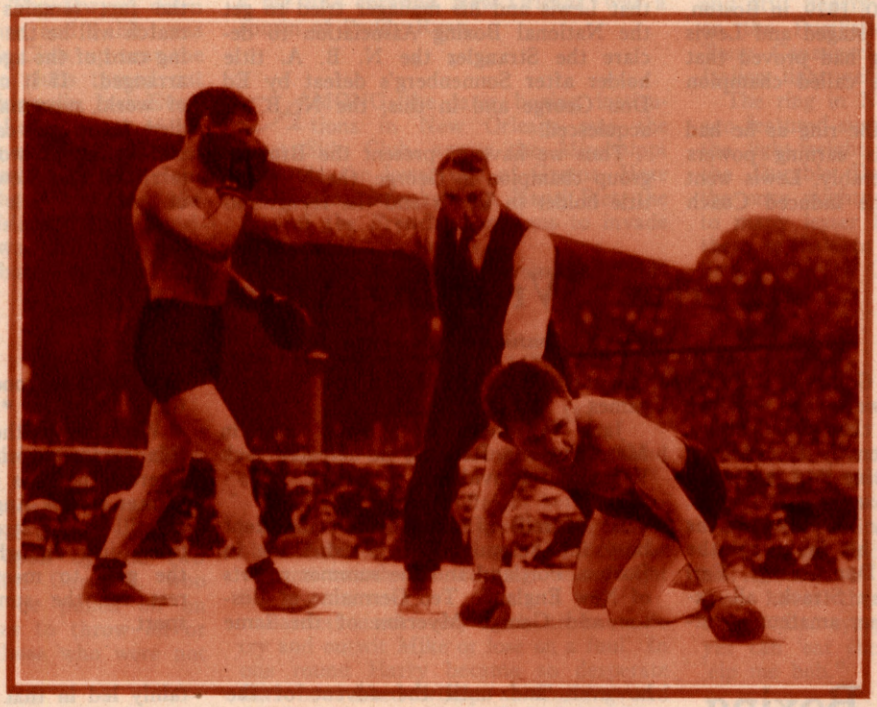
Charley Harvey tells the story of the pitiful downfall of the Durable Dane in his battle with Owen Moran

Nelson, but the betting favored the Englishman. The spectators sat in mournful silence as the Battler made his last desperate stand, and when he toppled over in honorable defeat they filed out silently as if they had witnessed a funeral.

* * *

NATURALLY, like any other manager of a fighter who had won such a great victory, I was elated at the showing of Moran. I felt confident after that victory, that my English boy would win the world's lightweight championship, but that was never to be. Yet I doubt that there were any greater lightweights than Moran and Driscoll, two of John Bull's stalwarts who possessed every asset of a great fighter.

I tried hard to get Wolgast to give Moran a chance at the crown, but Ad knew better than to take that gamble. When Referee Selig held up Moran's hand and declared my boy the winner by a knockout, Owen dashed to the center of the ring and turned a handspring, so elated was he. Nelson, on the other hand, was bitter. He accused the referee of counting him out prematurely.



Battling Nelson, down for the fifth time, is counted out by Referee Selig with only three seconds more to go before the round had ended

When Nelson lost the title to Wolgast, a knockout was recorded, but not actually accomplished. The once Durable Dane was wabbling about the ring almost blinded, making wild lunges at Wolgast when the referee interceded and halted the contest. In the fight with Moran, the Battler was unable to rise and was spared the crowning humiliation that his temporarily paralyzed limbs denied him—the punch from Moran's clouting fist that would have stretched him senseless.

The bout was a hummer while it lasted. Nelson bored in with desperate energy and for a while forced Moran to break ground. But the Englishman soon began to punish the Dane badly.

The first round was even. In the second Moran shook up the Dane, catching him as he rushed in with hard blows delivered to the face.

In the third Moran sent Nelson to his corner bleeding. The Battler's punches either lacked steam or else Moran was in such splendid condition that he did not mind them. He was not forced to cover up at any stage and boxed far more cleverly than Nelson.

Moran increased his lead in every round after the fourth. He jabbed, swung and hooked constantly, doing terrific execution with these blows, practically all of which made a target of Nelson's face. The punishment weakened Nelson, although he appeared strong right up to the eleventh round.

Neither man expected the fight to end so suddenly. Nelson went after his man apparently with much strength, but it was a last desperate spurt made with the hope of landing a chance knockout. Moran backed off and caught the Battler flush on the jaw with a terrific right swing. Nelson's knees bent and he sank to one knee like a steer hit with a sledge hammer.

The blood was streaming from his mouth, but after taking a count of eight he gamely arose and attempted to clinch. Four times this was repeated. It was more than flesh and blood could stand and the fifth time he could not get to his feet and was counted out. He was a sight.

* * *

WHEN near-champions are discussed a leading place must be given that great little English battler, Owen Moran. In fact it is not fair to Moran to refer to him as a near-champion, for if ever a lad had in his make-up all that goes to make a champion, Owen Moran had. By that is not meant that Moran was the greatest boy of his inches that ever lived. He was not. But there were very few in ring history who were as good as he, and still fewer who were better. The fingers of one hand would be sufficient upon which to enumerate the lads who were the peers of Moran as a performer within the roped arena. Moran knew every angle of the game, packed a knockout punch, had wonderful stamina and was as plucky as they make them.

On Oct. 4, 1884, at Birmingham, Eng., Moran first saw the light of day, and sixteen years later he began his professional career in the ring. For the beginning of his career Moran was well-schooled, for he was brought up in a neighborhood where the rule of the survival of the fittest governed, and any boy, who with nature's weapons could not take care of himself, was surely out of luck. Gifted by nature with a sturdy body and possessed of indomitable pluck, Moran was well able to take care of himself in any emergency.

His entry into the professional arena was marked by a succession of victories that quickly brought him to the front in the English sporting world.

These early victories were especially noteworthy as they were all scored by knockouts. Thus early in his career Moran showed an ability to put away his opponents, an accomplishment exceptional in the little men of the English ring.

Moran's first big fight was against Digger Stanley, and took place after fighting less than twelve months as a professional. Stanley was not as sturdy a boy as Moran, but he was wonderfully clever. The bout went twenty rounds with Moran losing on points.

The Headlock King

(*Continued from page* 17)

through the ropes. Then, too, there was the typical discussion as to the legality of the dive and whether it was wrestling or boxing or football.

Lewis at once openly declared that in his opinion the dive was legal and that Gus Sonnenberg was a real wrestler and one to be watched and feared by all wrestlers. He claimed that in the first match Sonnenberg had lost by his failure to return and, therefore, as each had lost once a return match was necessary.

His wish was granted and before one of the largest gatherings ever witnessed in wrestling history, 25,000 persons who paid $90,000 on July 10, 1929, in Boston, the rubber match was staged and Lewis again lost. Sonnenberg had proved that he was entitled to be called champion of the N. B. A.

Instead of quitting the ring as he had threatened because his earning powers had diminished considerably, Lewis went to the Coast where he induced Coach Jones of the Southern California football team to permit him to play with the scrubs so that he could build up a proper defense against Gus' flying tackle and when he thought he had done so, Ed engaged Sonnenberg in another encounter but again Gus proved the victor.

By this time, Jim Londos of the rival camp, the star of the Curley-Mondt, Pfeffer-Miller group, as opposed to the Browser camp of which Sonnenberg and Lewis were the stars, had come to the fore with a bang. He had become so great a drawing card that he killed interest in Lewis' comeback, with the result that Lewis and his manager tried to get the National Boxing Association to declare the Strangler the N. B. A. title holder after Sonnenberg's defeat by Ed Don George and in this, the N. B. A. acquiesced.

Thus we have at present the Browser group champion in George, the N. B. A. title holder in Lewis and the recognized world's champion in most wrestling territory where opinion is unbiased, in Jim Londos. Now the fans are eager to have Lewis and Londos meet because of the early defeats that Londos had suffered at the hands of Ed, but such a match seems unlikely. Lewis has fourteen victories over Jim Londos. The Curley group, having taken Lewis back into the fold, is now trying to belittle the prowess of its former star money maker, Londos, and boom the stock of Lewis, by making him declared the heavyweight king.

Whether this is accomplished or not the fact remains that a Londos-Lewis match will be the biggest wrestling drawing card of the age and we hope it can be arranged. If it cannot, then the matter of world supremacy will again be muddled, for in that case we will have Londos still ruling as world title holder in his territory and Lewis getting the support of the New York Commission.

Current Wrestling Attractions

(*Continued from page* 21)

Sam at the Olympic Games. Unfortunately the spectators were few, although the matches were high class. Incidentally, the publicity, carried on by Doc Morris of the New York *Evening Post*, a former coast wrestler and boxer, was the best ever issued in this city. Doc knows his "oats" and it was not his fault that the matches didn't draw. Don George, Earl McCready and Charley Strack, all excellent pros, were former amateur wrestling stars who took part in past Olympic games.

* * *

Jack Washburn is a good card in Massachusetts. Recently he defeated Jack Wagner of Providence, at Salem.

* * *

Al Morelli of Boston is being kept busy this summer. He is exhibiting in Boston, Portland and the summer resorts of New England. Ted Germaine of Boston and George Myerson of the same city, are also good New England attractions.

* * *

Wrestling on the Coast has fallen down this summer, primarily because of the interest that has shifted to the Olympic Games at Los Angeles. The Middle West is still going strong but in other sections, just enough is being taken in at the gate to meet expenses. Perhaps a rest for the summer might help the sport.

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 31)

ever again put up his hands within ring ropes.

Instead of becoming a professional hero, he became a contractor, and, in later life was the proprietor of a sporting establishment and cigar factory located in what was known as French's Hotel, corner of Frankfort Street and City Hall Square. He retained his interest in the ring, and, years later, 1884, backed Rooke in his winning bout against Bill England, a British heavy, which was settled in Harry Hill's place on June 30, that year.

As for Rooke, following the fight on Smutty Nose Island, he continued as a pugilist. When Moore renounced the middleweight crown, Rooke placed it back on his own head and for many years was recognized as its lawful owner. In May, 1880, he was matched with Mike Donovan to battle for the title, but the contest fell through. Donovan, who for many years was the boxing instructor at the New York A. C., claimed the title, and in the record books is credited with having won it. He got away with it, however, and until the advent of the original Jack Dempsey, was regarded by many as the middleweight champion.

Why I Voted for Schmeling

(*Continued from page* 3)

prime basis for the rendition of a decision.

It is advisable, under Rule 5 to deduct points when a contestant delays the action by a lack of aggressiveness.

* * *

RULE 3 declares that "defensive work is relatively important, and points should be given for clever avoidance or blocking of blows."

My score gives Schmeling the advantage in 9 rounds and Sharkey led in three rounds.

Schmeling also led in the matter of ring generalship, he showing superiority in 4 rounds, but Sharkey made no points in that particular.

Rule 7 declares that "a contestant should be given credit for sportsmanlike actions in the ring," and Schmeling certainly led in that particular.

* * *

THERE is no rule concerning the condition of boxers at the close of a contest. But if there had been such a rule, Schmeling certainly would have earned the advantage.

He was lively as a cricket, and seemed active enough to have boxed ten additional rounds.

On the other hand Sharkey slumped in his corner at the close of the last round, and looked as though he could not have fought two rounds more.

NOT MANY LEFT

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The Prize Ring in New Orleans

(*Continued from page 29*)

putting the sport on the plane it once occupied in New Orleans.

Among the clubs which represented the very toughest element of the fighting game in New Orleans in the old days, was Armshaws, on the river front near the Adele Street wharf. Ruffians from the levee, both white and black, contested in this arena, and the champion for a time was Big Willis, a huge negro longshoreman. Chief among the professionals resorting to the place was Mike Bodin, the Canuck, who claimed the heavy-weight championship of Canada.

Another small, though active club was the Riverside, run by Tim Dwyer, down near the slaughter house, and a third was Casey's Laurel Athletic Club, up near the Audubon Park. These clubs turned out some good fighters, principally Jack Everhardt, who gave Kid Lavigne two of his hardest battles, and at one time appeared a light-weight contender. Other clubs down town were the Columbia, the Orleans and the Louisiana. The Louisiana Athletic Club was located in an outlaw race track back of the City Park, and negro fights were featured.

Tolmer was the champion negro, until Wills came along and knocked him out. Wills was a New Orleans darkey and worked in the local railroad yards. It was in New Orleans that Wills had his several battles with the great Sam Langford, two of which he lost, the third going to Wills on points.

John Dooling, a good bare knuckle fighter of the old days, gave the mighty Wills his first instruction in boxing and groomed him for his sensational series of wins in the New Orleans ring. Dooling who is to-day a railroad detective with a big line entering New Orleans, was a cousin of Paddy Ryan.

* * *

AMONG the later boxing institutions in New Orleans was the West Side Club, across the Mississippi River in the lower end of Gretna. Here Ad Wolgast knocked out Henri Piet, the first of the French champions to invade America, in two rounds.

Joe Mandot was a promising light-weight of New Orleans of a decade ago, and his gruelling ten-round fight to a draw with Wolgast in the Heineman Baseball Park will long be remembered. Contemporaries of his who showed promise but never reached the top were Frankie Russell and Joe Thomas.

Among the greatest of fighters developed in New Orleans rings was Pete Herman, who won the bantam-weight championship, and defeated such men as Burns, and Jimmy Wilde. Poor Herman is out of the game to-day, still living in New Orleans, and totally blind.

Another Orleanian who found the top, and still lingers about the upper rungs on the Pugilistic Ladder of Fame, is Tony Canzoneri, the agile hard-hitting Italian light-weight king.

The ring in New Orleans of a decade ago featured such men as Freddie Welsh, the light-weight champion; Bat Nelson, the Durable Dane; Owen Moran and the once mighty Abe Attell, in addition to many lesser lights. To-day, however, there is little to enthuse over so far as boxing in New Orleans is concerned.

The Candle Light Fight

(*Continued from page 33*)

hardships in order to witness the thrilling encounter.

The place of battle was, of course, kept a most profound secret and it was only known and agreed upon by the two backers, McGuire and Garrison, who pretended it was to be pulled off on Staten Island in order to throw off or fool the police and those who were not regular insiders.

* * *

LATE in the afternoon of March 5, 1889, we of the inner circle, were notified to be at a certain pier in Hoboken at nine o'clock that night. Holy Mackerel, what a blustering, cold winter's night that was! Snowing and blowing and sleeting galore! The North River was full of big cakes of ice and barely navigable.

There was a rather staunch sea-going tug boat waiting for our party in the dark shadow of the Hoboken dock as we silently and secretly sneaked aboard. The skipper of the tug at first refused to leave the pier, claiming t' t it was too risky to attempt to buck the storm and ice covered river, but after being assured he would be well paid for the trip he finally started with about thirty daring and enthusiastic fans up the Hudson. We landed on Iona Island after a two hours' hard struggle against the tide and ice.

We groped our way to the summer dancing pavilion, where a very poor imitation of a ring was arranged. It was so dark, many of held candles to furnish the light. It certainly was a dismal, dark, gloomy, cold place with the heavy wind rattling the big glass windows all around us.

It was long past midnight before Bartlett and Cushing, wrapped in big horse blankets, entered the ring. The Britisher was no match for Cushing who fought like a game cock.

Bartlett used every trick he knew to try and outwit Mike or lose on a foul. In one round Harry became so desperate that he rushed wildly at Cushing and grabbed him around the waist and threw him with considerable force to the floor. Big Tom Evans, Mike's principal second, claimed a foul but the referee refused to allow the claim.

In the 14th round Cushing was slashing and battering the Britisher all around the ring so fiercely that the latter concluded he had quite enough, for he stopped battling and declared he was "blooming well tired and badly 'urt" greatly to the astonishment of Mike who turned to his corner for instructions from Evans.

McGuire, the Englishman's backer, had hired a tug to take him and a party of his friends to the ringside from a pier on the lower west side of New York but the captain of the boat absolutely refused to make the trip on account of the storm and dangerous navigation through the ice bound Hudson.

The next day when Mr. McGuire learned how his pugilistic idol quit cold, he went hunting for the Britisher with a big gun in his hip pocket with evil intent they say.

Anyway, Bartlett quickly made his escape back to England and retired from the ring greatly discouraged. Here's the story he handed out when he reached home.

"'Ow in 'evens could Hi win with a 'undred bloomin' blood-thirsty Yankees wit guns hat me 'ead, threatening to blow me bleedin' brains hout? Hi was hawfully lucky to get back 'ome alive. They har hall shooters in Hamerica. Hi met one chap hover there who's been shot so hoften that every time 'e shakes 'is 'ead yer can 'ear the bally bullets rattle, so 'elp me bob."

Lefty Gomez a Ring Bug

(*Continued from page 7*)

now that the croucher is afraid of a low ball, and crouches for that reason. This similarity between baseball and boxing certainly is uncanny."

Gomez has been a subscriber to THE RING for the last four years and no matter where he may be, he sees to it that he gets his RING as soon as it is out.

"It is far and away the greatest publication on boxing I have seen—and I have read almost all of them and descarded them in favor of THE RING," said Lefty.

By the end of the year Gomez is likely to be the best southpaw in the majors—so here's good luck to Lefty!

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The Aftermath

(*Continued from page* 11)

of paris was spread between the bandages on Dempsey's hands, was moistened and allowed to harden. Thus Jack might as well have been using two clubs on Willard. Under ordinary circumstances such a trick would not even have been attempted, even if the story is true, because the other boxer's handlers would have kept a close watch. However, Willard was so cocksure of victory and had such a high opinion of his own mentality that he refused to accept the services of wise handlers, even when they were offered, and as a result nobody made a thorough examination of Dempsey's hands.

Dempsey was roundly scored by impartial critics for the tactics he used in his fight with Firpo at the Polo Grounds on September 16, 1923, when he was credited with a knockout in the second round after the most thrilling brawl in the history of the heavyweight crown.

The referee on that occasion, now deceased, was one of the lesser known New York officials. He permitted Dempsey to do as he pleased. It was charged that Jack hit the Argentinian several times before he was fairly on his feet after knockdowns. Then, when Firpo knocked Dempsey out of the ring late in the first frame, the referee was accused of giving Jack more than the prescribed ten seconds in which to regain the ring. Beyond any doubt, Firpo received a raw deal.

* * *

THE old poison story showed up in connection with the first Tunney-Dempsey fight, in Philadelphia, three years later. This time somebody was supposed to have doped Dempsey's milk. Then, too, there was the yarn that Tunney had turned over a large sum to a Philadelphia racketeer, supposedly to be used to influence the officials in Gene's favor. At it turned out, Tunney won by such a wide margin that Ali Baba himself hardly would have had the nerve to give the decision to anyone but the Marine.

Dempsey figured in another unsavory incident when he scored a tainted knockout over Jack Sharkey to earn a second chance at Tunney. In that fight Dempsey fouled the sailor several times and, in the seventh round, when Sharkey turned to an unsympathetic referee to complain after two particularly flagrant low blows, Dempsey hit him on the chin and knocked him out.

Then came, as all will recall, the famous "long count" on the second Tunney-Dempsey fight. Of late years Sharkey has been the center of such incidents. He got away with an exhibition of low hitting in his fight with Phil Scott and almost got away with it again in his first fight with Schmeling.

Farewell Jim Farley

(*Continued from page* 6)

still would be boxing set-ups, whereas now he is recognized as a championship contender.

* * *

FARLEY'S firm stand on Dempsey and Tunney was responsible for hundreds of thousands of dollars in business and taxes being lost to New York, yet he stood for a principle and would not yield despite high political pressure. It is said that that successful fight against the most powerful influences in the country is what first brought him into national prominence and showed the politicians that he possessed chairmanship timber.

Tex Rickard used every means within his power to defeat Farley's stand, but without avail. He lined up Wall Street's leading figures who were interested in the welfare of their new venture, Madison Square Garden, but neither money nor influence could change Farley's mind and the fight went to Philadelphia. Thus Farley established himself as a two-fisted fighter, the same as he proved himself to be in the recent Chicago Convention.

Yet in the long run, that action proved that the New York Commission was the most independent in the country and from then to the present day, right or wrong, the rulings of the New York board have been highly respected.

Boxing will lose a true friend in Jim Farley. The sport can ill afford to spare his type at this stage. It is only hoped that those who control the game will follow the example of Jim Farley in his fearlessness, honesty and his aggressiveness.

New York salutes its retired boxing chief. The boxing fans of America doff their caps to the man who has worked so energetically for the uplift of the sport. THE RING, on behalf of its readers, hopes that whatever reward Jim Farley receives if his candidate is successful at the presidential election, that he will always remember the sport that enabled him to reach the heights and that he will ever look kindly upon it.

Again the Olympics

(*Continued from page* 25)

champion who made his start as a simon pure. He won the national bantam crown, then turned pro and has been one of the outstanding figures in boxing since. He won the world featherweight crown prior to annexing the lightweight title and last year came within a point of being declared the year's outstanding fighter.

Al Mello was a member of the same Olympic team that carried the name of Fields. Then there was Paul Berlenbach, who after winning the national middleweight championship joined the money ranks and became one of the greatest light heavyweight champions in years.

The only division in which the amateurs have failed to make much headway after joining the pro ranks is that of heavyweight. Some have gone close to the top, but most have fallen by the wayside.

As an amateur, Johnny Risko was a wonder and he has not done badly as a money chaser. He is well off.

Ernie Schaaf, one of the outstanding heavyweights of to-day, held international titles in the light-heavyweight and the heavyweight divisions. And there was Joe Lynch who went from the simon pures to win the world bantamweight crown; the two Zivics, Jack and Pete, who were the national lightweight and bantamweight champions as amateurs; Willie Beecher, Sammy Sieger, Charlie Bilkington, Yale Okun, Larry Gains, the most talked of Negro heavyweight of to-day; Sandy Siefert, Archie Walker, Martin Burke, Joe Burma, Abe Friedman, Dave Rosenberg, Steve Haliako who reached the finals at Amsterdam, and many more, too numerous to mention.

And the list is steadily growing. That's why we may expect some new blood to enliven matters in professional boxing following the return home of the victorious and defeated members of this year's Olympic team. Already we hear of a number of lads who are to try their luck in the pro ranks.

Wrestling's Iron Men

(*Continued from page* 19)

from the gulf to the lakes, with a few stops at cross roads. During the entire period Hack slept in a hotel bed but once. Whatever rest he got was in a sleeping car, not the best place in the world for an athlete who is under competition night after night.

Yet, when one recalls the old time six-day races, when men traveled on foot or by bicycle in the events before "team racing" and it is recalled that many of them slept but 20 to 30 hours out of 142, the present day iron man stunts appear insignificant.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

THOMAS J. KENNY, George A. Cappelli and Raymond E. Cagney are the incorporators of the Jersey City A. C., which will take over the Oakland Arena for boxing and wrestling. The Oakland Arena in Hoboken Ave. was the first to hold a license for fights in N. J. under the Hurley boxing law.

Joseph Spincola and Joe Duffy opened Fletcher's Field to boxing with Spincola's meal ticket Johnny Kayo Morgan winning from Tommy Aboba in the feature 8. Ace Proodian and Joe D'Andrea drew in a slow 6 rounder. Jimmy Sherlow shaded Sammy Russo in 4 and Billy Bridges drew with Paulie Nieman in 6.

Over 2,500 fight fans from Hudson County went over to Staten Island to see their idols perform at the Thompson's Stadium when Bobby Brady fought a sensational 10-round draw with Lew Massey, a boy that's placed number 3 on Eddie Borden's 10 best fighters of the month in the July issue of THE RING. On the same card, Young Zazzerino Kayoed Dominick Petrone in the tenth and final round. Allie Todisco another local boy polished off Joe Malo in 44.

Lou Pallerina great little battler from West New York got the nod over Bobby Magnolia in the main event at Englewood.

One of the most sensational upsets ever received by a local boy, was the knockout of Bobby Brady at the hands of Lew Feldman of New York at the Stapleton A. C. in Staten Island. Lew put the crusher on our Bobby in the second round. On the same bill Steve Smith lost to Johnny Toge in 8. Ralph Lenny beat Buddy Saunders in 8; and Lou Lombardi did likewise to A. C. Matthews in a 4.

Puggy Cuspito of North Bergen went over to Elizabeth and fought a slashing 6-round bout to a draw with Freddie Polo in the final bout. A couple of days later "Pug" lost a spirited 10-rounder to Benny Levine in Newark.

Joey Ross of Hoboken joined up with Sam Cohn once again and is soon to fight hereabouts. Joey hasn't fought since he came back from Cleveland..

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

ONCE again, we must take our hats off to Harry Jones, local boxing promoter at Riverview park. He has showed the fans plenty of action, lots of new talent, and in short, he is one of the best showmen in this section.

Fighting Bobby O'Dowd, local bantamweight star, showed lots of class, when he knocked out Johnny Toran, of Erie, Pa., in four rounds. Ray Mann, local welter, fought six close rounds with Duane Mattox; Battling Nelson beat Bobby Roberts in 6; Swede Barrett, and Buddy Short fought a draw in 4; Tobey Smith beat Kid Ferguson in 4; Young Manny shaded Kid Motely in 4.

Servano Fabia, bantam, who hails from the Philippines, is now making Sioux City his headquarters. Fabia is only a youngster, but has the ear-marks of a good-looking prospect in the mosquito fleet.

In another good card at Riverview, Harold Hoxwood, Des Moines, light-heavyweight knocked out Roy Jack, of Kansas City in 5; Jimmy Thompson, local Jr. lightweight added another victim when he beat Speedy Ricco of Butte, Mont., in 4; Richie Mack beat Lou Vines in 6; Jay Conlon and Joey Rich fought six close rounds in a bout that was filled with action; Young Miller shaded Buddy Short in 4.

Baby Sacco, hard-punching local featherweight has returned from the coast, where he met with fair success. Young Sacco is under the management of Sammy Sacco, veteran feather and brother.

Ross Abramo has taken over the management of Toby Smith, a rough tough lightweight, that can punch with the best around here.

Hats off to THE RING correspondents around the world. A certain barn-storming fighter told this writer that he always made it a point in his tours about the different boxing centers, to look up THE RING correspondents, as he found them all to be a square shooting bunch of fellows who are doing their best to keep the boxing game right. Thanks Mr.——

In one of the best boxing shows of the month, Buss Smith, Liberty, Nebraska Jr. lightweight, shaded Al Mauriques, Atlantic, Ia. in 6; Babe Barnes, local feather, shaded Johnny Burds, also of Sioux City in 6; Canada Lee, Omaha, beat Battling Nelson, Belgrade, Nebraska, in 6; Arlo Van Buskirk drew with Johnny Long in 4; Jimmy Johnson drew with Bud Lymer in 4; Harold Rogers shaded Servano Fabia in 4.

Spencer, Ia.—Joe Goeders, of Emmetsburg and Clarence Phillips, of Spencer, staged one of the best fights ever staged here. The bout, an 8-rounder, was filled with action from the start. Goeders won by a shade.

Last Minute Sparks—Joey Rich local bantam is looking for action . . . Reddy Adair staged another come-back and scored a knockout in his first start . . . Harry Jones is certainly giving the local boys a chance to show their stuff . . . Bud Hunt local fight fan is showing plenty of interest in Servano Fabia . . . A good boy says Andy Dans . . . Sioux City is one of the best paid fight towns in Iowa . . . Ray Mann and Sailor Burke will leave for the coast soon . . . The Jensen brothers at Omaha have a fine looking stable . . . Ted Zanfes is still doing his third man job in a big way . . . Richie Mack, Omaha, lightweight is in the South . . . Louis Tattleman the Riverview announcer is growing a big belt line . . . Mickey O'Donnell has started training again . . . No more trips to St. Paul, says Jimmy Thompson . . . Howard Graack is married . . . Ty Dillon is doing wonders with his boy Van Buskirk, the boy shows improvement . . . Johnny Lambert will stage a come back . . . Don Hammer is taking care of the dressing rooms at Riverview, and a good man to have around . . . Johnny Burds calls the writer Tex, now Johnny! . . . When in shape, Mr. Burds is a bad boy to mix with . . . He will leave for the coast soon . . . Fighters coming in here and saying they fought so and so and have no clippings to prove same better just keep on going . . . Lots of news this month, but owing to the fact we must help to save space for others we cut down on everything .

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

MARINO DIAZ won from Felix dela Vega in a very close battle. Cuban Al Brown won from Young Uzcudun. Celedonio Vazquez lost to Cris Perez.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's best bet in the bantamweight division, lost to Divino Rueda in six rounds. Santana intends taking a much needed rest.

Prudencio Arce surprised the critics when he drew with Julio Recio, Manolo Fernandez hard punching bantamweight. Arce is a little Jack Dempsey in action.

Isidor Delgado is another promising bantamweight, and before long should be in the run for a title bout. Delgado is a speedy clever youngster, and uses both mitts to good advantage. Paulino Dieguez kayoed Juan Gonzalez in the first.

Joaquin Torregrosa looked good when he beat Juan Perez in six rounds at Miramar Gardens. Aquilina Duran was stopped by Bill Perez in three, after having Perez on the floor twice for nine counts.

Cris Perez scored a six round win over Olayo Nebot. Perez is a fast boy and is making a name for himself. Rafael Valdes kayoed Kid Charolito in four rounds when the referee halted the contest.

An inter-club amateur tournament will be started next month. The Riverside Y. C. and the Labra Clubs both have plenty of novices entered.

Luis Parga is still running things at the Fronton Stadium, and his new partner Gervasio Fernandez, alias "Naranjito" has proven a big help to him. Para and Naranjito are planning big things for the coming winter, and promise to make the 1932 season a big one.

Adolfo Gonzalez, alias "Doc", is planning on a trip to Venezuela, where he will show Gilbert Castillo, Cuba's good featherweight.

Henry Santos, (Baturito) is hard training for his coming bout with Castor Fernandez who just beat Kid Calixto a short time ago.

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CARPRI

BATTLING BOZO, heavyweight of Birmingham, was knocked cold by Joe Jordan, a young comer, in Memphis, several weeks ago, but came back by holding Jordan to a draw in their second meeting. Tommy Davenport was next taken into camp in Memphis, by Bozo. The Battler then journeyed to Louisville to lose a close one to Billy Roederer, of Louisville.

Jack Tunney is back in Birmingham, after a successful trip up northwest, where he met and defeated some good boys. Fighting under his real name, Bob Tow, he whipped Kid Mathews, George Neron, and Marty Galleger.

Jackie Ausborne, of Bessemer, has kept pretty busy fighting in Savannah and Charleston. The Carolina cities like Ausborne's style. Ausborne was held to a draw in Memphis, recently by Dick Clark, a very clever welterweight. The Bessemer slugger returned to Alabama and knocked out Tommy Baker, at Decatur.

Sam Nero and Jimmy Musso two tough welterweight youngsters are training at the Ensley Athletic Club.

The wrestling game is holding its own here in this locality.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

REFUSING to go into the ring if the veteran Tommy Reilly officiated, Tommy Loughran was suspended by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission after his third bout with Steve Hamas. This time Loughran actually won the ten round decision at the Phillies Ball Park.

Frankie Cawley, the Pittston light heavyweight, sprung a surprise by beating Walter Cobb, Kansas City heavy, in eight rounds at the Phils Ball Park. Cawley came in the ring at 184 while Cobb scaled 212. The latter took a lot of punishment and was cut and bleeding around the face at the finish.

Ralph Ficucello of New York gave a clever exhibition by beating the veteran K. O. Christner of Akron, O., in another eight rounder at the Phils. The New Yorker weighed 191 and Christner 202. It was a regular free-for-all affair.

In his first appearance in the Quaker City, Mack House, California 192 pound colored fighter, won an eight round decision over Eddie Benson of New York. The latter substituted for Arthur De Kuh, who failed to show up and was indefinitely suspended by the State Commission.

Lou Pessalano, former Villanova College football star and sprinter, has turned professional wrestler and is competing in and around Phillie. He is also a medical student at Temple University.

Leonard Dixon, elongated Leiperville colored heavyweight, helped Frankie Cawley get in shape for some of his recent mid-summer bouts at the Pittston training camp.

Al Ettore has entirely recovered his recent attack of yellow jaundice and is working out in the Max Hoff gymnasium with several prospective bouts in view. The West Philadelphia light heavyweight was cut out of several good purses by his illness.

Teddy Maloney one of Philadelphia's leading lightweights a quarter century ago is now a resident of Glenolden and has a county job in the courthouse at Media.

Al Lippe who has been in the fight game for many years as a promoter and manager, now has Billy Jones, clever South Philadelephia colored light heavyweight in tow and is angling for a match with Tommy Loughran.

Leo Houck, former Lancaster middleweight, and also boxing instructor at Penn State College, has been doing a little promoting in his home town this summer, by drawing on Philadelphia and Lancaster, Lebanon and York county talent. It was under Houck's tutelage that Steve Hamas first took up boxing at college.

Johnny Griffiths, clever Chester colored lightweight of fifteen years ago, is now a janitor in a school in that city.

Joe Smith is all "steamed up" over the prospects of Charley Loughran, younger brother of Tommy. The 153 pound South Philadelphia lad knocked out his first two professional opponents and won his third. "Charlie is sure to go far in his class", said Smith.

One of the biggest wrestling crowds of the outdoor season saw Gus Sonnenberg gain a decision over Dick Shikat, clever German heavyweight at the Phillies Ball Park. They got tangled outside the ropes after a half hour of grappling and both men fell into the crowd. Shikat was unable to get back in the ring and the referee counted him out.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

A RIOT occurred immediately following the Charley Baxter-Sammy Dorfman tilt at Greenlee Field when Referee Al Grayber saw fit to award Baxter the bout on a technical knockout after Dorfman sustained cuts about the eyes in the sixth round. Baxter was in the lead, having floored Sammy in the third session. Supporting ten-rounders saw Mose Butch unanimously defeat Charley Van Reeden, Southern bantam champion while Tiger Joe Randall came through with a stunning knockout triumph over Davey Grove in the seventh round. The knockout was of the technical variety, Randall proving too smart and hitting much too hard for Davey. Petey Sherman, lightweight, came back from behind to defeat Mickey O'Brien in the opening bout of six rounds.

Kid Chocolate celebrated his Pittsburgh debut by beating little Johnny Farr, rugged Cleveland veteran, at Meyers Bowl. The game Johnny Farr was an easy assignment for the Cuban boxing master. The Keed scored three knockdowns. Jimmy Belmont knocked out Pinky Kaufman of New York City in four innings. Steve Senich, junior-lightweight, captured the duke over Fritzie Zivic, though the referee's verdict was a draw. Fritzie is a fine boxer. Max Elling, welter, scored over Packey McFarland in another sixer. Battling Bulahan, Filipino, decisioned Tiger Kid Walker in a bout put on following the headliner.

Lew Massey, Philadelphia lightweight who surprisingly trounced Tony Herrera in his Pittsburgh debut at Motor Square Garden last winter . . . came through with another enticing triumph when he scored a one-sided victory over Ray Miller, ex-sensational left-hook artist, at Greenlee Field. Miller, too, was making his second local appearance having administered severe defeat to Johnny Datto previously. . . . Local fans received a neat surprise when Johnny Willis, Philadelphia negro, trounced our Charley Baxter in the semi-windup of 10 rounds. Baxter redeemed himself for the Willis defeat by stopping Sammy Dorfman later. Patsy Hennigan, lightweight, kayoed Joe Pojello in two heats. In the opener Eddie Brannon clinched the nod over Eddie Hebner, lightweight.

Teddy Yarosz, the unbeaten boxer and Pittsburgh's standard-bearer in the fistic ranks, scored his 52nd successive win by whipping Johnny Hayes. Yarosz won on a T.K.O. in the eighth. It was another case of a boxing master scoring over a willing mixer. Freddie Edwards, Teddy's lanky stable-mate, trimmed Cowboy De Luca who was staging a comeback. General Burro, welter, outpointed Jack Rinda and Johnny Durso beat featherweight Jerry Clements. The card was staged at the Hickey Park Bowl in Millvale.

Greenlee Field and Meyers Bowl, the two larger arenas, passed up a few dates to reorganize. Bus Vogel and John L. Hernon are partners in the Hickey Park enterprise. Of the three open-air clubs now in operation, Greenlee Field is the newest. Gus Greenlee, baseball manager, owns the field. Jules Beck and Joe Mazer conduct boxing shows there on Wednesday nights. Their initial attempt found Champion Maxey Rosenbloom, Larry Johnson, Jimmy Belmont, Billy Holt, Ray Miller, Johnny Datto, Henry Goldberg and Paul Pirrone on one card, which, a few months back, composed enough main-bout material to run four shows ordinarily. Four thousand fans turned out for the event.

Battling Gizzy dropped a close decision to Wesley Ramey at Meyers Bowl. Marty Gornick, after winning all the way, was dropped for the ten-count by Johnny Hayes in the ninth session of the semi-windup. Jimmy Thomas won in eight rounds over Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland featherweight.

Tommy Freeman unleashed a furious two-fisted attack to halt Lee Sala's winning streak. For Sala it broke a column of eight successive triumphs. Ray Jennings, colored heavy, kayoed Walter Ketchell in two rounds. Casey Rhodes, middleweight, whipped Jack Watson. In the semi-feature, Jackie Wilson sustained a defeat at the hands of Chico Cisneros.

Local fistic arenas are operating at reduced prices—a popular move.

George Panka scored an easy, though unimpressive triumph over Pietro Corri in ten rounds. Frankie Novak, Northside heavy, hogged the limelight by stopping Tiny Powell, Akron Giant, in four rounds of the co-feature. Ray Jenning disposed of Bill Gunther, colored lad, in the third canto while Jack Kearns took an unanimous decision from Leo Jack Clements, heavy, in the opening six-rounder. Both boys drew blood. This was a Hickey Park production.

Jules Beck plans to show Mose Butch against Al Brown soon. . . . Battling Gizzy, the Donora lightweight, wrenched his spine in his fall through the ropes during the fifth round of his no-title bout with Tony Canzoneri at North Braddock recently. . . . Irish Kane, local trainer, directs the ring affairs of Marty Gornick. . . . Young Rudy, the Charleroi veteran, looks for a busy campaign. . . . Jackie Rodgers, colored featherweight, dropped a decision to Rosey Stoy somewhere in Ohio. Rodgers has been beaten by Mose Butch (twice), Johnny Datto, Tommy Paul and Jimmy Mack in his last few bouts which are few and far between. . . . Bruno Sala, clever light-heavy, scored over Joe Dunn, of Cleveland, on the recent Risko-Walker card.

During the past month or two local fans have seen Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, Billy Petrolle, Kid Chocolate, Lew Massey, Tommy Grogan and Ray Miller. The fans are clamoring for Battling Gizzy to tackle Charley Baxter now that the latter stopped Sammy Dorfman. It is a real "natural"—one that'll pack 'em in. . . . Another natural is one between Lee Sala and Buck McTiernan. Jimmy Thomas may hook up with Mose Butch for the Pittsburgh bantam title. . . . Lee Sala, the rugged Donora, Pa., middleweight, is free-lancing under Jim Buchanon.

MONTREAL FISTIC TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

PETE SANSTOL, sensational Norwegian speedball and leading challenger for the world's bantam title, thrilled 7,000 Montreal fans in a ten-round draw with Spider Pladner, heavy hitting Frenchman, at the Forum. It was a sweet battle between first class battlers.

Harold Stewart, local ex-amateur star and 1928 Olympian, impressed in a six-rounder when he celebrated his debut as a pro by lacing Ed. Ouellette, rugged local lightweight, in classy fashion. Hal is coming along and should make his mark soon. Johnny Rousseau, former favorite here, returned after a strenuous campaign in New York and proved far too experienced for Phil Lightheart, ex-amateur heavyweight champ. In the other six-rounder between Greggie Gregersen and Eddie Martin, local bantams, Martin got a close verdict by a stronger finish. The semi-final between Roland Lecuyer, New England feather, and Benny Brostoff, slugging New Yorker, proved to be a slugfest throughout the ten rounds with Lecuyer forcing consistently to win decisively. Vincent's previous card marked Pladner's second straight win over Bobby Leitham in ten rounds. Frankie Martin, Leitham's stablemate, also proved his superiority in his feud with Harry Leibovitz, local bantam. Albert Ladou, the Algerian ace, sharpshooted his way to a decisive win over rugged Vernon Cormier in ten.

Jules Racitot staged an entertaining card at the Mount Royal Arena, when he presented two bouts of ten rounds. Albert Ladou, sensational Algerian featherweight, climbed another rung when he pasted Joe Scalfaro, New York Italian, in practically every round and Benny Brostoff lost to Pete DeGrasse.

Art Primrose, one of the best amateurs in the Dominion has turned pro. He scored a pair of spectacular victories on successive nights. He outboxed and outpunched Herman Prince, rugged Berlin, N. H., lightweight protege of Louis Roy, at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, in the eight-round main bout and then motored back to Canada where he beat Kid Perusse, Sherbrooke star, in the ten-round main bout at Coaticook, Que. Primrose is the most promising lightweight the writer has seen hereabouts.

Greggie Gregersen, who split two bouts with Eddie Martin, hard hitting local bantam, in his only appearance here as a pro, notched up his second win in the monied ranks when he whipped Tony Ferio, Coaticook bantam star, in the six-round semi-final to the Primrose-Perusse battle.

The writer would like to hear more often from Sig. Hoiseth and Spider Spencer, also from Billy Flood. My address is 4688 Hutchison Street, Montreal, Canada. Hoiseth, whose ring moniker is Battling Tracey, went over big in Winnipeg when he knocked out Ace Kuhlow, Detroit, in the sixth.

The new style of THE RING is going over big here and the reduced price, though hardly necessary, is popular. It must be admitted that the chief, Nat Fleischer, has put over another good trick for the good of the game and must be ranked as one of boxing's outstanding standbys. We could do with more like him, eh readers?

Will be back again in the same old spot next month, but here's another bit of news. Johnny Nemis, Maritime welter and middleweight star, has been forced to stay inactive for a month or more with a number of badly ulcerated teeth. He expects to be back better than ever shortly. He sure has been getting the bad breaks with one thing or another.

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MARYLAND, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA AND VIRGINIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

JIMMY REED, Florida lightweight, upset the dope when he won a unanimous decision over Jackie Portney at the Twin City Arena, Laurel, Md. Portney's southpaw style, that makes it hard for him to get work with the good boys, was made to order for Reed who belted Jackie plenty with a hard right. The bout was an interesting one with Portney coming in at all times. Reds Barry had an easy time with Herman Weiner in the other feature eight-rounder. Ray Bowen belted out Henry Janco of Lowell, Mass., in two heats and Jackie Simpson had the better of Tommy Horn in the main prelim.

Bob Tow, Alabama lightheavy scored over Marty Gallagher at the Twin City. Tow made a good impression on the fans in his winning effort. Reds Barry romped in against Tim Charles of Louisville, Ky. Harry Lennox of Cumberland, Md., and Joe Bruno of Baltimore fought the best fight of the evening with matters even over the six-round route.

Benny Schwartz of Baltimore, and Billy Landers of Norfolk, Va., fought another hot battle at the Twin City Arena and the fans are still not satisfied that Landers is the better boy although he got the unanimous decision of the referee and judges. Less than two months ago at Alexandria, Va., these two bantams fought a bang-up battle with Landers getting the nod much to the surprise of the majority of the fans.

Nick Antonelli, New York featherweight, made the best showing he has made since coming to Washington when he flattened Joe Bruno, of Baltimore, in six rounds.

Pickups—Boastful Jimmy Reed, the Florida lightweight who recently defeated Jackie Portney, has been matched to box Phil Raymond at the Twin City arena. Raymond is another Baltimore southpaw that the good boys duck with the excuse of no southpaws. Jackie Simpson is another Florida boxer in these parts making good. Simpson in his only start hereabouts licked Tommy Horn, of Baltimore. Jackie is booked to meet Doug Sweetman who is very promising. Natie Brown is training daily at the Mohawk Gym. Brown was forced to layoff for over a month on account of an infected eye damaged in his bout with Arthur Huttick at the Garden. Frankie Genaro, former flyweight champion, may show at the Twin City if he will let Billy Landers or Benny Schwartz come in as heavy as 118 pounds ringside. Another match in the making for the Twin City is Joe Bonovic against Joe Knight. Banovic lost a questionable decision to Bob Godwin at Alexandria, Va., but Joe Knight won over Bob at Daytonia Beach recently.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

JULY was replete with thrills and many surprises. The heavyweight surprises were occasioned when Johnny Risko stepped into the limelight through his victory over Mickey Walker; Stanley Poreda scored a clean-cut victory over Ernie Schaaf, and Max Baer repeated his victory over King Levinsky, this time in a twenty-round battle. Many other important news items were flashed during the month, including the following: Maxey Rosenbloom successfully defended his light-heavyweight crown against the onslaught of Lew Scozza. Marcel Thil clinched his right to European supremacy by trimming Len Harvey. Eddie Kid Wolfe stepped into the elite class with his decisive victory over King Tut. Kid Chocolate fell before the superior strength of Jackie Kid Berg and Tony Canzoneri ran second to Johnny Jadick in Philadelphia. Al Brown and Kid Francis fought fifteen rounds in a titular match but the bout was declared "no contest" to prevent physical injury to the officials, which is one method of judging a fight in Marseilles.

In the heavyweight division the greatest progress last month was made by Stanley Poreda, who, through his victory over Ernie Schaaf, ascended to third place in the division. Schaaf came back later to kayo Salvatore Aggirello in four rounds and whip Paulino Uzcudun, but his showing was not impressive. Johnny Risko takes the next position to Poreda through his win over Mickey Walker. Walker flattened Ruggirello in the first session. Max Baer scored over King Levinsky. Primo Carnera began his American campaign with a seven-round kayo over Jack Gross. Tommy Loughran stepped into the picture again with a victory over Steve Hamas.

Lee Ramage disposed of Tony Poloni in five rounds. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Les Marriner in the first session. Young Stribling kayoed Ambrose Palmer and whipped Frankie Wine in Australia.

Maxey Rosenbloom still reigns over the light-heavyweight brigade. He defended the title successfully against Lew Scozza and also whipped Martin Levandowski. Levandowski defeated Willie Oster. Tony Shucco, who proved himself too heavy for the 175-pound class, kayoed Leo Mitchell in one round and defeated Jimmy Braddock. Adolph Heuser won from Alfa De Martinez. Bob Godwin drew with Joe Knight. George Courtney kayoed Johnny Peppe in five heats. George Manley kayoed Art Fleming in the first round. Bob Olin defeated Muggs Kerr. Yale Okun scored over Harry Smith. Tait Littman won from Roy Williams.

Heading the middleweights is Marcel Thil of France. Marcel triumphed over Len Harvey during the month. Vince Dundee defeated Young Terry and Joe Smallwood. Terry won from Jackie Shupack. Frank Battaglia disposed of George Brazelton in three rounds. Angel Cliville defeated Sammy Kid Slaughter and lost on a foul to Joe Feldman in two rounds. Dave Shade scored over Trader Horn. Ben Jeby won from Roscoe Manning and disposed of Billy Kohut in three rounds. Leo Larrivee turned in a pair of victories over Oddone Piazza and drew with George Courtney. Paul Pirrone kayoed Gary Leach in the first session.

Eddie Kid Wolfe takes ranking position in the welterweight league with his victory over King Tut. Wolfe also scored over Paola Villa. Tut kayoed Madison Dix in two rounds. Teddy Yarosz kayoed Johnny Hayes in eight rounds and licked Lope Tenorio. Baby Joe Gans won over Joey Harrison. Bucky Lawless scored over Eddie Bojack. Jimmy Belmont kayoed Pinky Kaufman in four rounds. Billy McMahon scored over Phil Rafferty and Phil won from Bobby Bruno. Cerefino Garcia finished Jimmy Duffy in eight rounds.

Jackie Kid Berg made some strides in the junior welterweight class with his victories over Kid Chocolate and Mike Sarko. Frankie Petrolle came through with two victories over Battling Battalino. Louis Kid Kaplan scored over Jackie Pilkington and Emil Rossi. Orrie Mosher defeated Wesley Ramey. Stanislaus Loayza, in his comeback, whipped Harry Carlton. Jack Portney kayoed Billy Andrews in one round and was beaten by Jimmy Reed. Billy Vaughn scored over Mickey Cohen. Tod Morgan defeated Sammy Mandell and Buster Brown won from Patsy Wallace.

Johnny Jadick assumes the role of leading lightweight contender through his victory over Tony Canzoneri. Lew Massey defeated Ray Miller and Young Firpo. Wesley Ramey whipped Battling Gizzy and kayoed Joe Haas in five rounds. Tracey Cox scored over Lew Terry. Jack Willis defeated Charley Baxter while Baxter stopped Sammy Dorfman in the sixth round. Tony Falco drew with Frankie Klick. Eddie Cool won from Joey Costa.

Kid Chocolate, head of the junior-lightweight group, won over Johnny Farr, Benny Bass defeated Ernie Ratner. Davey Abad scored over Phil Zwick and Battling Shaw. Shaw kayoed Joe Ghnouly in nine rounds. Mike Gelb whipped Battling Bulahan. Bulahan scored over Tiger Smith. Chico Cisneros whipped Johnny Farr and Jackie Wilson. Young Terry won over Mike Dundee.

Fidel La Barba heads the vacated featherweight ranks. During the month he disposed of Bobby Gray in eight rounds. Lew Feldman kayoed Bobby Brady in the second session. Tommy Paul whipped Varias Milling. Freddy Miller scored over Frankie Wallace and kayoed Nat Suess in five rounds. Pete De Grasse won from Lew Farber and Young Peter Jackson. Sammy Farber defeated Bert Eisner. Jackie Sharkey kayoed Jimmy Murray in five rounds. Wilbur Chevalier whipped Mickey Genaro.

Al Brown was beaten by Vittorio Tamagnini in an overweight match and also went fifteen rounds with Kid Francis which was called no contest. Speedy Dado kayoed Hilo Hernandez in three rounds. Newsboy Brown won from Baby Arizmendi. Emile Pladner defeated Bobby Leitham and drew with Pete Sanstol. Mose Butch defeated Charley Von Reeden. Cris Pineda won the bantam championship of the Orient through his victory over Pablo Dano.

In the only important flyweight match of the month, Phil Tobias scored over Baby Quintana in Panama.

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Dave Crowley, England.
Bantamweight—Mickey Nelson, Detroit, Mich.
Featherweight—Manny Condia, Juarez, Mexico.
Junior-Lightweight—Johnny Bonito, New York City.
Lightweight—Johnny Nardoni, Detroit, Mich.
Junior - Welterweight — Stanley Krannenberg, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Welterweight—Izzy Mays, New York City.
Middleweight — Tony Dalessandro, Lynbrook, L. I., New York.
Light-Heavyweight—Tiger Jack West, Indianapolis, Ind.
Heavyweight—Jack Peterson, Wales, England.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

The following are my ratings for the month ending July 25:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Sammy Fuller
1—Max Schmeling	Billy Jones	Vince Dundee	Billy Petrolle	Billy Petrolle
2—Stanley Poreda	Lew Scozza	Frank Battaglia	Young Corbett	Jackie Kid Berg
3—Johnny Risko	Harry Ebbets	Dave Shade	Johnny Indrisano	Manuel Quintero
4—Ernie Schaaf	George Nichols	Gorilla Jones	Jimmy McLarnin	Tony Herrera
5—Mickey Walker	Adolph Heuser	Young Terry	Lou Brouillard	Frankie Petrolle
6—Larry Gains	Joe Knight	Angel Cliville	Eddie Kid Wolfe	Orie Mosher
7—Primo Carnera	Bob Godwin	Paul Pirrone	King Tut	Battling Battalino
8—Max Baer	George Manley	Ben Jeby	Teddy Yarosz	Louis Kid Kaplan
9—Tommy Loughran	George Courtney	Leo Larrivee	Baby Joe Gans	Joe Glick
10—Tony Shucco	Bob Olin	Marty Sampson	Jimmy Phillips	Stanislaus Loayza

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Johnny Jadick	Benny Bass	Fidel La Barba	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Al Foreman	Nel Tarleton	Newsboy Brown	Little Pancho
3—Sammy Fuller	Roger Bernard	Lew Feldman	Pete Sanstol	Young Perez
4—Lew Massey	Joey Costa	Eddie Shea	Emile Pladner	Babe Triscaro
5—Tracey Cox	Davey Abad	Tommy Paul	Young Tommy	Valentin Anglemann
6—Wesley Ramey	Chico Cisneros	Freddy Miller	Baby Arizmendi	Jackie Brown Mariano Arilla
7—Harry Dublinsky	Battling Shaw	Johnny Pena	Ross Fields	Mickey McGuire
8—Eddie Cool	Joe Ghnouly	Kid Francis	Eugene Huat	Maurice Huguenin
9—Barney Ross	Harry Sankey	Varias Milling	Mose Butch	Phil Tobias
10—Jack Willis	Miki Gelb	Frankie Wallace	Cris Pineda	

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By WITMER EBERLE

SINCE Bat Battalino, Connecticut mitt-pusher who once rated headlines on sports pages all over the country has lost four times within recent months to members of the Petrolle family, it looks like the former featherweight champion will "lay off" Petrolles. The Fargo Express holds two decisions over Bat and so does his brother Frankie. Perhaps the Nutmeg state fans will be satisfied to follow Lou Brouillard and the comeback of Kid Kaplan.

Amateur boxing is having fair success in this section. Promoter Al Caroly gave it up at Walnut Beach Saturday nights to replace it with action pro fights. Joe Chimbole and Al Caroly have had amateur shows in Stamford with meager success. West Hartford has drawn large crowds while Dick Gray is trying to bring the crowds back to simon-pure fights at the White City Stadium, New Haven.

Joe Banovic, Binghamton, N. Y., heavyweight, who once lived near Jack Sharkey, was too much for Al Boros, Park City battler, in a recent fight at Walnut Beach stadium, Bridgeport.

Billy Bridges, of Norwalk, won a six-rounder from Brownie Tucker, of Hartford, in West Springfield, Mass. Bridges had Tucker down for the count in the fourth but Tucker was saved by the bell.

Johnny Red Allen, the former Mary Ann puncher, has opened a gymnasium in Bridgeport, and is busy preparing a group of amateurs to fight during the winter months.

Through the courtesy of Gus Martel, who spends his summers between New York and New Fairfield, Conn., this column is gaining a life. Gus is the holder of the world's K. O. amateur record.

Along *the* Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the close of summer in sight and very little prospect of a general revival of boxing before its expiration, it makes one wonder just what the winter has in store for the boxing game and those dependent upon it for a living.

The summer started off auspiciously with Sharkey winning the title before a remarkable attendance and a gate that far exceeded the expectations of the most optimistic. Following that bout, a succession of rainy, desolate nights washed out many shows and promoters suffered more than their quota of headaches.

Al Weill enjoyed some bad and good breaks. He barely broke even at the Queensboro Stadium but enjoyed better luck at the Yankee Stadium. Combined with Tim Mara, Weill promoted the McLarnin-Brouillard affair and backed up by a wonderful supporting card, played to a fine gathering.

The scheduled championship bout between Canzoneri and Petrolle went into the discard for the time being because of a chipped elbow sustained by Petrolle in training.

Tony Kelly staged several good shows at the Coney Island Stadium and he too was hampered by adverse weather conditions and did well under the circumstances. Johnny Attell closed up the Dyckman Oval after staging a few shows which failed to attract. Starlight Park struggled through the season. Long Beach Stadium and Island Park Stadium competed with one another and both suffered heavily. Andy Niederreiter provided some good matches for Ebbets Field but evidently could not attract the customers across the Brooklyn Bridge. Andy was deserving of better fate. Even Primo Carnera failed to display that magnetic drawing power that he possessed on his last American tour.

One of the most menacing obstacles that confront a boxing promoter these days is the "deadhead" or complimentary tickets that must be given away for each show. Besides worrying about paying the fighters, the state and government taxes, cost of advertising, tickets and rent, comes the deadly octopus, "The Chinaman."

A list must be arranged that provide a certain allotment of tickets to the boxing commission, newspapers and other dignitaries who must not be slighted. Politicians must get their tickets so they can satisfy the friends who request these "Annie Oakleys." Ordinarily, these people would pay for their tickets but because they are able to secure them for nothing, the tickets become priceless in value. An ordinary business man being presented with two $3 seats for nothing cannot show his appreciation sufficiently. He will take the donor to dinner, buy a present for the family and generally spend $25 for the privilege of getting complimentary tickets when the cost seldom runs over $3. This evil should and must be eradicated. Why should close to 75 tickets be allotted by each small club to petty politicians?

Those are some of the evils that a boxing promoter must contend with. The new government tax has done nothing to protect the boxing promoter. Even on complimentary tickets, the government demands 10% tax, the state 5% and when the tax is demanded at the gate, the customers always feels that the promoter gets the money and argues over the payment.

If the boxing commission could eliminate unnecessary complimentary tickets, its own list of approximately 75 for example, tickets that always manage to get into the hands of people who ordinarily would pay for their boxing entertainment, then they would be taking a step in the right direction of helping those in the boxing game. At the present time, the commission and its inspectors seem to feel that their power gives them the right to dominate arrogantly and unfairly. They demand and obtain 75 tickets from all small club owners to give to politicians, and in addition, some of the New York inspectors, who are paid their salaries from the license money derived from fighters, managers, seconds and promoters, have taken upon themselves the authority of a Czar and assume a superior air in their every transaction. At the official weighing in ceremonies a certain deputy seems to think he is dealing with criminals and is despotic in his attitude when it is really these boys who give him a living.

The defeat which deprived Max Schmeling of his heavyweight crown has acted as a boomerang in many sections of the country. While Schmeling held the title, he was treated with booes, but now, shorn of his honors, he has taken on a new significance and he is quickly attaining the popularity which belonged to Dempsey after he was shorn of the title in the memorable Chicago battle—Schmeling has not yet attained his full fighting form and it is expected that he will become more active in the future and improve upon that form.

In the meantime, Sharkey has taken his new laurels very quietly and is living the life of a country gentleman. He refuses to be awed by the new importance of his position and is content with life, without changing his ways—Sharkey is strictly a family man and will hardly assume the roving disposition adopted by Dempsey, when Jack reigned as the king.

Some time ago, when Dempsey was engaged in that exhibition boxing tour, he was forced to make a statement relative to Jack Sharkey and under Leonard Sacks' quotation, "I will never give Sharkey a chance to make any money at Dempsey's expense." Now that Sharkey holds the upper hand it will be interesting to await results and see what transpires.

The result of the second Berg-Chocolate match at the Garden Bowl again proved the importance of having courage to the nth degree. Berg, without that courage, would be an ordinary preliminary fighter. Coupled with his fighting heart and plenty of endurance and vitality to support him, Berg makes up a combination mighty difficult to whip. A master boxer, skillful sharpshooter and brilliant ring general like Chocolate could not cope with him properly and was on the short end of the decision the second time. It was a mighty close affair and opinion was divided in many quarters as to the result. After summing and reviewing the fight, the vision of Berg's incessant attack, his fighting three minutes out of every round against the beautiful boxing of Chocolate, who flashed brilliantly only for thirty seconds out of every session and rested while Berg kept plugging away, I think earned the decision for Berg. Berg forced and made the fight. Without Berg, there would not have been any fight. I disagree with my colleague, Nat Fleisher, who thought Chocolate won 10 out of 15 rounds. I gave Berg nine, to six for Chocolate.

One of the bright lights on the Berg-Chocolate card was the work exhibited by Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis youngster, against King Tut. Wolfe fought the most perfect fight anyone was ever capable of and his work stood out like a million dollars. Tut's style was just right to bring out all the good qualities of Wolfe, and on his showing against Tut, is good enough to whip any welterweight in the country.—The receipts did not come up to expectations and it was a total disappointment to everyone connected with the venture—Billy McMahon outscored Phil Rafferty on the card and Frankie Klick, making his eastern debut, was lucky to get a draw with Tony Falco of Philadelphia.

Jimmy Johnston's motive in putting mediocre matches at the Garden Bowl is something unexplainable and his mistakes can only be brought out at the box office. Ernie Schaaf and Paulino Uzcudun, a match which might have drawn $20,000 in Boston, was wasted in the gigantic bowl and they played to the pitiful figure of 6,000. Picture a house of that magnitude in an arena seating 80,000 people and you can form an idea as to what the crowd looked like—Tony Shucco, a new face from Boston, looked good against Jimmy Braddock in the semi-final. Arthur Huttick, a consistent winner, was credited with a technical knockout over Jack McCarthy when the latter could not continue because of a broken shoulder in the third round—Red Barry, another new face from Washington, looked good against Frankie Simms in the opening event.

Tony Polozzolo and Jimmy De Angelo, with a stable that comprises Marty Sampson, Eddie Shapiro, Joe Scalfaro and Patsy La Rocco, have fine attractions. Johnny Morrow has been made a member of the New Jersey refereeing staff—Eddie Walker is waiting the arrival of Johnny Datto from Cleveland . . . Eddie Mead came in town to see Luis Gutierrez upon a very urgent matter. . . . Business complications in other endeavors are nothing compared to the headaches you get in this game. . . . Bill Duffy has opened operations from a new gymnasium situated at 711 Seventh Ave., New York City. . . . Right in the heart of the city and laid out ideally from every viewpoint. . . . It is a wonderful gym with every improvement and facility. . . . Charley Bedami, local lightweight, has scored forty-eight straight wins while Al Casimini and Patsy Rubinetti are two corking light weight prospects.

Willie Gilzenberg comes along with the plaint that Jimmy Phillips, New Jersey welterweight, is being sidetracked while Frankie Petrolle is securing all the favorable publicity to which Phillips is entitled. . . . It seems that Jimmy defeated Frankie on two occasions just before Frankie was given the two Battalino fights and Willie is demanding poetic justice. . . . Bad decisions can occur in any part of the universe but no where do they occur with such frequent regularity as the state of Pennsylvania. . . . Philadelphia happens to be my home but never was there such flagrant displays of incompetence as those revealed in the past season in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. . . . Honest mistakes can be overlooked but when they prevail repeatedly and always favor the local boy, something should be done to eliminate such partiality. . . . Pittsburgh boasts of two ex-fighters, Red Robinson and Al Grayber, who are steady offenders. . . . In Philly, they have Herman Hindin and Joe McGuigan who have been guilty of many mishaps. . . . The four above mentioned individuals officiate as referees. . . .

Manny Seaman secured the job as Primo Carnera's trainer. That is the first stroke of luck enjoyed by Mannie and Nick Florio, who are partners, in a few years—Frankie and Billy Petrolle have given Battling Battalino four setbacks that he will never get over—Billy started the downfall and Frankie followed it up. . . . Henry Goldberg has returned to the wet wash business in Brooklyn and has forsaken the ring. . . . Renato Gardini, who started Arthur De Kuh on his career as a fighter, is now trying to make a wrestler out of him. . . . Joe Schlossberg is escorting a Mexican featherweight around town who he claims is the real goods. His name is Mannie Condia. . . . Cles-Mei-Deig, a French-Algerian featherweight, lived in New York for several months without getting a break. . . . He moved to Montreal and under the name of Albert Ladou is making things hum. . . . His last victim in Montreal was Joe Scalfaro. . . . One of the most improved of local fighters is Marty Sampson, Harlem middleweight. . . . This boy has the class and punch of a champion but is suffering from an inferiority complex. . . . If that can be removed, he will be a finished fighter.

Tommy Loughran must be credited with plenty of persistence and courage for his efforts to prove to the boxing world that he is far from finished. . . . After Hamas put the skids under him at the Garden he insisted upon a return match and gave so good an account of himself that he got a third match. . . . This time he won the verdict. . . . This month was no good for the headliners. . . . Mickey Walker took his medicine from Johnny Risko in Cleveland and Ernie Schaaf was given a boxing lesson by Stanley Poreda. . . . Poreda and his handlers are entitled to a world of credit for arranging this affair. . . . They guaranteed Schaaf $5,000, regardless of what was in the house and the gate receipts barely exceeded that figure but it was a great gamble and they won out. . . . If Schaaf managed to come through then Poreda and his handlers would have been regarded as dummies, but as later events developed, they must be given credit for having plenty of nerve. . . .

Pete Sanstol has returned from Europe and should revive the boxing game around Canada . . . Al Lippe is making matches for Billy Jones and has flooded the country with circulars about the uncrowned light-heavyweight champion. . . . Eddie Kid Netz, Pennsylvania light-heavyweight, has a great booster in Russell Graham. . . .

Luke Carney is handling Eddie and Fritz Zivic, fourth and fifth members of the Zivic family who have entered the pugilistic ring—King Levinsky fought for little more than the exercise in his twenty-rounder with Max Baer. . . . The Reno scrap was a financial fizzle and everyone took it on the chin except Baer, who was given a good guarantee. . . . There doesn't seem to be anything that will stir up the boxing game at this moment. . . . Except continued faith and hopes of new pugilistic development that will stir the public imagination. . . . The same old faces and same old styles have a palling effect on the customers and this is reflected in some of those gates that the promoters have been drawing. . . . McLarnin did not fight for fourteen months prior to the Brouillard affair. . . . Jimmy is the kind that the fans go for but they very seldom see. . . . Milton Krompier, another local 133-pounder, seems destined for bigger and better things. . . . He has remained undefeated in his twenty-odd starts.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING is going slow at this writing around these parts and very few shows were held in Cincinnati proper. It is my opinion that Boxing Commissions in these times should play ball with the promoters who have enough gumption to operate a club. Instead of helping the promoters to make the shows a financial success by working with them, the Commissions choose to slap heavy guarantees on the fighters, thereby forcing the promoter to lose money and necessitate either long periods of no shows or to fold up altogether.

At Mount Vernon, O.—Al Hamilton, Cincinnati's clever lightweight, drew with Mickey Roberts, Mt. Vernon, in ten rounds of hard fighting. In the supporting bouts, Pap Lundy, Cincinnati, drew with Babe Auskins, Mt. Vernon, in 6; Smokey Maggard, Covington, Ky. defeated Jimmy Beckholt of Utica, O., in 6 rounds and George Harris trimmed George Weirek, both of Mount Vernon.

Some of the results around here were Max Koshover, Cincinnati, beat Henry Perlick, Michigan in ten; Charley White, Silver Grove, beat Jimmy Konnerman, Covington, in ten; Charley White, Silver Grove, drew with Jack Stanley, Boise, Idaho, in ten; Sammy Sweet, Cincinnati, defeated Pete Milano, Cincinnati, and Ted Graham, Cincinnati, defeated Rosey Rosales, Cleveland, in ten.

Edwin Dunaway, the Goose Creek, Tex., heavyweight, who came north with his manager, Sam Kaufman, a few weeks ago has won both of his bouts since arriving, both taking place in Zanesville, O., where Kaufman has Dunaway and Kayo Crom, the Southwest middleweight champion, quartered. Dunaway stopped Jimmy Shorthand of Zanesville in three rounds and trimmed Al Gachel of Jimmy Dunn's Cleveland stable in ten rounds. Dunaway challenges through this column the following heavies in this vicinity: Johnny Mack or Ted Graham at Milford; Coleman Johns, Rosey Rosales or Joe Sekyra in Dayton and Chuck Wiggins in Indianapolis.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

BAXTER SPRINGS, KANS.—Wonder Winder knocked out Ed Schuman in three rounds. Sandy Robinson beat Bat Drummond in eight. Pete Brittenham and Jackie Fell drew in six. Reddy Daniels beat Harry Sala in six. Homer Meeks and Roy Jackson drew in four. Laverne Wray beat Chief Floyd Brotherton in four rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Ray Kiser beat Louis Avery in 10 rounds. Eddie Murdock beat Bobby Cox in 10 rounds.

Baxter Springs, Kans.—Sandy Robinson shaded Chief Terrapin in 10 fast and hard fought rounds. Chief Whitehorse Keel knocked out Harley Linn in two. Lefty Masters knocked out Herschel Mills in six. Reddy Daniels knocked out Rube King in three. Chief Ernie Proffet lost to Chic Reeves in four. Mutt Krueger beat Herbert Burton in four rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Harold Murphy beat Rough House Houser in 15 rounds. Sherrell James knocked out Cleo Taylor in four. Ray Keech beat Battling Evans in four. Dee Layton and Buck Martin drew in four. Jimmie Fowler knocked out Wallace Thurston in two. Toad Boyd beat Paul Hines in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Jerry Jenkins beat Willard Walker. Gene Driscoll beat Paul Estrada. Oscar Schildknecht beat William Prescott. Bob Stone beat Kid Wallace. Leslie Patterson beat Don Collins. Keith Cochrell beat Ross Gagliano. Howard Boerce beat Louis Love. Markey Ross beat Bud Meiers.

Claremore, Okla.—Eddie Murdock and Earl Mason fought 10 fast rounds to a draw.

Springfield, Mo.—Harold Murphy knocked out Lonnie Chic Reeves in four rounds. Jimmy Craig beat Billy Hampton in eight. Ray Keech beat Claude Hughey in eight. Bulldog Wilson beat Sherril James in six. Roddy Arnold beat Wesley Solomon in four rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Eddie Murdock beat Cowboy Art Dula in 10 hard fought rounds. Dula subbed on two days notice. Ten days later he gave Murdock a lacing in return at Ft. Worth, Texas. Bob Hamilton and Bill Hyde bout stopped in five rounds, declared no contest. Baby Kiser and Mickey Mack drew in six. Leo Selby knocked out Billy Markham in one. Ike Bayouth beat Kid Sharpey in six rounds.

Joplin, Mo.—Chuck Elberts defeated Fred Reese in 10 rounds. Roy Jacks beat Rough House Houser in 10. Jimmy Craig beat Steve Ketchell in 10. Truman Crowell beat Andy Bishop in four. Lil Boyer knocked out Mike Robinson in three rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Gyp Zarro held Howard Scott to a 10-round draw. Glen Nute knocked out Earl Masters in five. Mickey Mack beat Jack Windham in eight. Chief Whitehorse Keel knocked out Leo Selby in three rounds. Harold Potts beat Mutt Krueger in eight rounds.

Springfield, Mo.—Harold Murphy defeated Alvin Collins in 10 rounds. Ray Keech defeated Ted De Forrest in four. Don Elliott and Jimmy Fowler drew in six. Obie Brown beat Toad Boyd in four. Ronnel Ellis beat Carl Hays in four rounds.

Muskogee, Okla.—Sandy Robinson knocked out Specks Friend in the 11th round. Chief Terrapin knocked out Lester Culbertson in seven. Johnny Nichols knocked out George Hampton in six. Mickey McMullin beat Dave Carr in six rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Tracey Cox beat Lou Terry in 10 rounds. Johnny Kaiser knocked out K.O. (Kid) George in two. Chick Raines draw with Eddie (Red) Foster in 10 rounds.

Miami, Okla.—George Windham knocked out Bat Drummond in five rounds. Lefty Masters and Roddy Arnold drew in eight, many fans think Arnold won. Chief Whitehorse Keel knocked out Dick Hutchinson in three rounds.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

LOU TERRY, St. Louis lightweight, gained hordes of new friends in his interesting match with Tracy Cox. The local youngster was on the losing end of the decision but forced Cox to the limit. The gate was the largest for the open air season.

Other matches on the Cox vs. Terry feature were Dave Barry K.O. Woodrow Williams, four rounds; Johnny Kaiser K.O. "Kid" George, two rounds; Johnny Miles K.O. Russ Conklin, three rounds, this was the only heavyweight bout on the card; Chick Rains drew with "Red" Foster, ten rounds.

Davey Abad decisioned Phil Zwick in ten rounds but the verdict was booed. Johnny Kaiser stopped Johnny Heitzman, two rounds; Frank Stolsek won from "Red" Foster in ten rounds; Benny Deathpain knocked out Johnny Hammett, one round, they are negro lightheavyweights; Paul Steadman beat Carl Schaefer, four rounds; Raul Bowden, Poplar Bluff heavyweight, ran out of his match with Johnny Miles, local undefeated heavy and will draw a six months' suspension.

Lou Terry and Dave Barry, local lightweight and bantamweight respectively, boxed in Fort Smith, Ark. It was their initial showing in the southern city and they were immediately matched on the following show there. Terry drew with "Rube" Johnson, Arkansaw lightweight champion, in the feature ten-rounder which was bitterly contested all the way. Barry beat "Buddy" Cardwell, Fort Smith featherweight, in eight rounds, dropping the Arkansaw youngster four times for nine counts.

Al Stillman put up a good fight with George Trenkle, Detroit heavyweight, winning the decision after Trenkle had floored him for counts on two occasions. Chick Rains, local middleweight, thoroughly trounced Stanley McRae, Arkansas heavyweight, in ten heats; Allen Mathews tipped over "Tiger" Lawrence in two stanzas; "Red" Foster whipped George Daw in six rounds; Johnny Miles won easily from Steve Marre in four rounds.

Joe Ghnouly, local lightweight, was knocked out by "Battling" Shaw, Mexican 135-pounder at New Orleans, La., in the ninth round.

John Schwake, heavyweight, suffered a broken thumb in his go with Johnny Freeman.

When Dave Barry kayoed Woodrow Williams he raised his knockout swat average over .500, as the popular St. Louis bantam has stopped nine out of seventeen opponents in his showings locally. The other eight lost to Dave by decision.

Johnny Miles, former amateur lightheavyweight champion, has made nine pro starts and won them all. Miles is a straight puncher with two good hands and a world of class. Johnny is 21 years old.

Fighters and managers wishing to show here, get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

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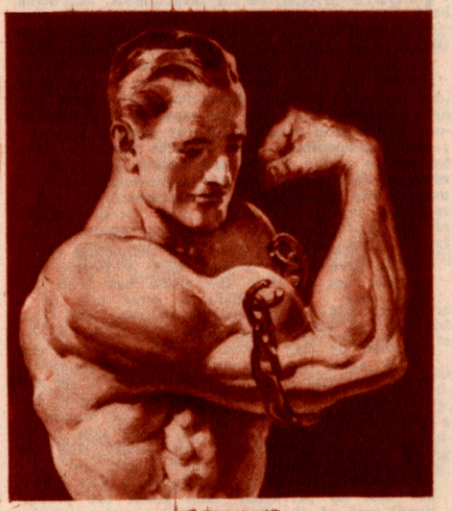

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

EDDIE MACK, of the Argonne A. A., being the only promoter now operating in Boston, much of the column must necessarily be devoted to the activities of this organization. In the face of many tough breaks and almost continuous financial losses, seldom has a week gone by wherein Promoter Mack has not come to bat. He is determined, as he says, to keep boxing on the Boston map. With any general improvement in business, Mack believes that the glove game is slated for a comeback. It is to be hoped that his gameness and optimism will eventually bring him a fitting reward.

It was the general expectation that the victory of Jack Sharkey over Max Schmeling would tend to give boxing a boost here in Boston and vicinity, but to date the trend has been the other way. While there is some talk of a possible fight here between Sharkey and Jose Santa, the Portuguese giant, the same to be promoted by the Boston Garden, this city can hardly show the champion enough money to tempt him into the ring even against a set up. The champion has hardly made a public appearance since he won the title and seemingly has no intention of doing so. Just now he is centering his interests in his family who are vacationing at his summer place in New Hampshire. So, all-in-all, Sharkey's new crown has cast no particular halo about the promotional end of the sport in this section of the country.

Getting back to Promoter Mack, he launched his first open-air show, an affair at Fenway Park. It was a case of do or die with him for, prior to the opening of the gates he announced that if the tourney failed to pay actual expenses, it would be his last for the present season. About 3,000 fans turned out, the majority paying but 50 cents each, but there was enough cash in the box office to meet the actual bills. Two scheduled ten-rounders headed the card. In the windup feature, Ad Zachrow of Dover, N. H., the classy-looking middleweight, who not so long ago stopped the tough Eino Nyholm of Maynard, in two rounds, defeated Nan Proulx of Taunton. The secondary feature, "Dutch" Leonard, Waltham, vs. Mickey Bishop, Stoughton, proved a disappointment. After the men had been boxing 70 seconds, Bishop claimed a foul and got away with it. As a "no-foul" rule was supposed to be in vogue here, the ruling of Jimmy Walsh, the veteran ringster and referee, came as a surprise.

John J. Flaherty, better known as "Maffit", onetime N. E. lightweight and welter champion, and in later years a referee and all around follower of sport, has passed to his reward. He was found dead in a room in his home in Revere, Mass. Flaherty was born in the North End of Boston, May 5, 1869, and turned to boxing and athletics when a boy. He was contemporary with such chaps as Billy Smith, George Dixon, Frank Erne, et al. and for years was associated as their referee with Miah Murray, Billy Pierce, Ivy Lewis and one or two others in conducting the old Douglas A. C., and Armory A. A. In the old days when boxing was strictly against the law, it was these men and their clubs that kept the sport alive in Boston and Massachusetts. Aside from his interest in boxing, Flaherty was a notable swimmer and for 32 years was a life guard at Revere Beach. In business life he started as a messenger boy, stuck to it, worked his way up into executive positions and in 1928 retired on a pension as one of the heads of the American District Telegraph Company.

One of the best fights for many moons in Boston was staged by Promoter Mack at Fenway Park. It brought together Leo Larrivee of Waterbury, Conn., holder of a belt emblematic of the N. E. middleweight championship, and Odonne Piazza of this city and Italy. It was a return fray of 12 rounds at 160 pounds, and was a wonderful fight from start to finish with Larrivee dragging out the win in the last canto. It was his second victory over Piazza, he having defeated the latter about six months ago.

Ted Sandwina, who has been boxing for several years in the heavyweight division, fought in one of the preliminary bouts. His opponent was Jack Sigmore of Cambridge, a colored heavy, who has come to the front within the year. Ted was downed in the first round just as the bell rang, the blow landing him outside the ropes. He took a bad pounding in the third, and in the sixth was again downed, but for no count. The decision went to Sigmore. In other bouts, Vittorio Livan of Italy, beaten in previous fights by Benny Leonard and Larrivee, did a fine comeback against Bud Mignault of Brockton, winning a six-rounds' decision, while Paris Apice of Providence, won by a kayo over Mike Conroy, South Boston, in four rounds.

Far from discouraged by the rather slim attendance at his two previous outdoor boxing shows, Promoter Mack of the Argonne, came with another at Fenway Park a week later. The main bout men were Paris Apice of Providence, previously mentioned in the column, and Pancho Villa of New Bedford, lightweights. The encounter was their fifth within two years, with each having two wins over the other. The battle, an affair of 10 rounds, was a sterling fray with each fighting at top speed for the entire distance. As Apice did the cleaner, better work, he was awarded the decision. The semi-final brought together Eddie Kid Sullivan, Walpole, and Tony Acquaro, Lynn, in a 10-round return mill. In a previous contest, a fine affair fought in Salem, Sullivan was the victor.

Another outstanding fight on a fine card brought together Pete Herman, Roxbury, and Johnny Scully, South Boston, who fought toe-to-toe for six rounds. In the sixth Scully was dropped for nine. The ruling went to Herman. Chief Elkins, the former Haskell Indian football star and athlete, lost the decision to Austin Record, Charlestown, in four rugged rounds. Elkins weighed 181 to Record's 175. The decision was not unanimous.

How many times George Courtney of Tulsa, Okla., has been matched to fight in Boston, would be hard to say, but since he came to the front four or five years ago, the count must be at least a round dozen. Of all the matches, and attempted matches made for him, we recall but one that actually took place, and that was not so hot. Back in 1927, Courtney got a chance here with George "Wop" Manolian, and won in a round—but on a foul. A couple of weeks ago Courtney came in for his usual match—the Argonne A. A. tied him up with Vittorio Livan, and for a couple of days all was fine. Then Livan's hand, which he had injured, went back on him and the fight was called off—another fusee for Courtney.

The Massachusetts Boxing Commission has adopted a new scoring card to be used by referees and judges in connection with boxing tourneys. The new card will indicate the points scored in each round by the opposing boxers, with separate columns for totals. The method of scoring will be a total of 10 points per round for each contestant. All data as to officials, weights, etc., etc., will go on the card, the same to be filed and racked for reference purposes.

Jack Sharkey, the new world's champion, was presented with a goldplated ship's clock on July 11, by Mayor Curley of Boston, in recognition of his capture of the title and bringing the same to Boston. "I hope," said Mayor Curley, "that this will be the only bell that will ever strike against you. Anyhow, as it is a ship's clock, it cannot strike ten."

It is being urged that in view of the present low state of boxing that the Boxing Commission visit the various centers where the sport once flourished, interview present and former promoters, also boxing followers of standing for the purpose of finding out just what is the matter with the sport. With such material the Commission might be able to find some efficient remedy for the disorder. Insofar as the promoters are concerned, it is their contention that the five percent state tax is what has about completed the job for them. With receipts small due to the business slump, to say nothing of troubles within the game itself, they figure that the tax represents the margin for them between profit and loss. With the tax temporarily lifted, they can keep going, or perhaps come back. If continued, it wipes out all possible profit and means either fold up, or stay folded up.

Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., not so long ago N. E. middle champion, and Johnny Harko, Manchester, N. H., undefeated N. E. feather champ, are knocking at the doors of the promoters for bouts. During the year Conrad has won about 40 out of 43 starts, also beaten all who have beaten him, while Harko, now seeking to "cop" lightweight honors, has won 20 out of 22 starts. Conrad is hot to meet Leo Larrivee of Connecticut and has offered to fight either winner-take-all, or even go in there for merely expense money. This lattter offer should tempt the promoters.

Tony Shucco of Boston, N. E. light heavy champion, recently a winner at West Springfield, over Maxie Rosenbloom in an overweight contest, has issued challenges to Ernie Schaaf and Jim Maloney. He thinks he can whip either one or both. Perhaps so. In any event, they have yet to accept his challenge. A bout between Schaaf or Maloney with Shucco would go very big in Boston.

An effort is on to bring about a return contest here between Schaaf and Jack Dorval, but the issue is a dead one just now. Months ago they mingled in the Boston Garden, with Schaaf winning by a narrow margin. A second match, staged about that time, would have gone over big. However, the ringsters and their managers fooled around so long that the proposed return went cold.

Andy Callahan of Lawrence, claimant of the N. E. 135 pounds title, is back in the gym following a long layoff, the same due to an operation on his hand. There is a possibility that the late summer may see him in the ring with Lou Brouillard.

An attempt is on to again warm up a fight in Boston between Ernie Schaaf and Jack Dorval, but it is not going over very big. Someone also has revived a rumor of another meeting—for Boston—between Sharkey and Maloney. The summer "silly season" is at its height.

Ring Larsen of Quincy, a middleweight of ability, has returned from a visit to relatives in Sweden. While abroad he went to a draw with John Anderson, champion of the Swedish light heavies, also stopped several other opponents.

GUS WILSON

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

CHARLIE WHITE, former Chicago lightweight contender, has returned to his first love—the boxing game. He has received a license to judge fights in Illinois by the state athletic commission.

Since his retirement from the ring over ten years ago, White has been teaching women how to attain a symetric figure, beauty and health at his Muscle Sense System, Inc., 6 North Michigan avenue. And he has a membership of some of our leading ladies in the social world, which included Mrs. Chauncey Blair.

However, the old urge to return to his former sport prompted Charlie to apply for a judge's card. He manages to attend most of the amateur shows to get practise for his introduction as an official of a professional bout. We are taking White around to the different clubs and introduce him to the many new faces in the game now.

Dave Mearns, the smart looking manager of the radio station WEDC, owned by Emil Denemark Cadillac and La Salle corporation, claims he has an embryonic middleweight champion in Walter Jerz of Lawndale. He qualified for the Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions at the Chicago Stadium by winning all his bouts in the west side eliminations.

Jim Mullen, former fight promoter, has presented his first card at Sparta stadium as matchmaker for the West Side Boxing Club, of which Joe Triner is president and Sidney Strotz is secretary and treasurer. Mullen replaced Al Miller and it was his re-entry into the sport he helped legalize in Illinois in 1926. Jim was to offer a big show at Soldiers' Field before the outdoor season ended. Mickey Walker was to meet Tuffy Griffith. Mullen's offices are 1301 City State Bank Building.

The Chicago Stadium is looking forward to Max Schmeling's appearance at the big west side building in September. Nate Lewis, Stadium matchmaker, was to obtain Max Baer, Tuffy Griffith or Ernie Schaaf for Schmeling's first real bout in Chicago. At this writing it looked like Baer would be the foe of the former heavyweight champion.

Mique Malloy, matchmaker for the Southtown Irish athletic association, has signed to stage cards at White City for ten Friday nights. He resolved to hold his own heavyweight elimination bouts and as a starter showed Baxter Calmes, Joe Doktor, Charley Retzlaff, Art Laskey and Angus Snyder. Snyder is represented in Chicago by Billy Stevens. Malloy showed us a letter from Johnny Buckley, manager of Champion Jack Sharkey and Ernie Schaaf. Buckley offered both men for bouts under the promotion of Malloy.

George Trafton, proprietor of the gymnasium at 180 West Randolph street, is back in training for boxing, wrestling, card playing, football or other sports. Trafton has a flock of members enrolled in his gymnasium but payment of dues are slow and far between. So he plans to help pay his big overhead by obtaining money the best way he knows. George was a football star at college and with the Chicago Bears, professionals. He whipped Art Shires as a boxer. Trafton has won several wrestling matches. Tex More, the heavyweight boxer, beat Jack Robinson in his first bout under Trafton's management.

There is considerable activity at Kid Howard's Arcade gymnasium at 323 West Madison street, but the financial end of the business is far from good. But Howard is a human dynamo and he keeps trying to put the gymnasium on a paying basis. The Kid, who has been in the boxing game before we were born, is one of the gamest of the game. Tuffy Griffith, Larry Johnson, Mickey Patrick, Harry Dublinsky, Eddie Shea are just a few of the celebrities who train daily at the Arcade. Leading boxers from out of town make their headquarters there and at Trafton's gymnasium.

Do you know that—Dave Barry, referee of the Tunney-Dempsey title match at Soldiers' Field, worked at the $5 mutual window at Washington Park race track? A vote is to be taken by the National Boxing Association, the International Boxing Union and other members of the N. B. A. refusing to recognize Jack Sharkey as heavyweight champion? Al Sweeney, Chicago manager, is Elmer Sweeney to his folks? His sister-in-law, Julia Peltz, is a nurse and nurses his boxers back into condition after bouts? The Sacramento athletic club has been closed? Harry Mueller, Illinois Athletic Commission referee, has a silver plate in his leg and doesn't even limp?

Dazzy Vance, Brooklyn baseball pitcher, was a boxer before he entered the big leagues? Buck Easterling, Wichita, Kan., light heavyweight, is the father of twins, one boy weighing 6 pounds and the other 5½ pounds? Gen. John V. Clinnin is a successful attorney? Jack Kearns' nickname for Mickey Walker is Stuffy? Willie Meehans right name is Eugene Walcott? Reddy Gallagher, Denver fight writer, boxed a six round draw with the original Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion, at Cleveland, O., May 2, 1887? Madame Bey, who runs the training camp at Summit, N. J., is an Armenian and married Sidky Bey, a Turk?

Theresa Mariana, 18 years old, is Nick Sciaba's sweetheart? Queensbury rules say a man can box in his socks if he desires? Boxing in Mexico was a felony only a year ago? John Gully, the great oldtime English champion, was a member of Parliament and owned a horse that won the English Derby? Steve Hamas is an Austrian-American? Regulation boxing gloves weigh five ounces, six for heavyweights, seven for amateurs and eight to fourteen for gymnasium training? Pinkey Mitchell, former junior welterweight champion, now weighs 170 pounds and was a candidate for Sheriff in Milwaukee county? Art Mann has signed to manage Mickey O'Shea? Babe Baron, former featherweight, lost $1,200 when the Bank of Commerce crashed? Patsy Flannigan, St. Louis fighter, is living in Cicero with his family?

Pep Kerwin, dapper north side promoter, mixed in some professional shows with his amateur cards at Western Stadium, Western and Devon avenues. Kerwin is a great showman and that is one of the main reasons why he is so successful as a fight impresario. Sammy Abruscato still makes the matches for the Californian and they are nifties. Carl Endriss and Dr. Moran are the silent partners of Kerwin.

Harry Dublinsky was born in Reedsburg, Wis., and is one of eleven boys. Of the twenty-one children of Mr. and Mrs. Dublinsky, seventeen remain . . . Tommy Grogan, Omaha junior welterweight, and his wife, the former Miss Duffy of Des Moines, Ia., were to celebrate the arrival of the stork last month . . . Our sister-in-law, Miss Catherine Coffey won a scholarship to college following her graduation from Siena High School . . . Willie Capitano, Kid Howard's assistant, has a hard punching heavyweight in Heinrich Bock of Holstein, Germany. . . . Danny and Mrs. Spunt are celebrating the third month birthday of their baby, born via a cesaerian operation at the Frances Willard hospital. . . . It cost over $40,000 to promote the international bouts between the United States and Germany in Chicago. . . . Jackie Stewart, Louisville featherweight, has gray hair and he is only 24 years old.

Earl Mastro, former Chicago featherweight leader, has started a vaudeville booking of thirty weeks he received from the Fancho and Marco circuit of Los Angeles, Cal. Earl retired from the ring several months ago following a match with Varias Milling at Sacramento, when he was temporarily blinded by the thumbs of Milling. Earl has received instructions in acting for the last two years. He appeared in several short movies which have been made at Hollywood.

Bob Culp, proprietor of the Olympic Gymnasium in South Bend, Ind., has started his featherweight protege, George Nate, on the comeback trail. Johnny Nate, young brother of Georgie, is going to be a great fighter, Culp said. Johnny is a bantamweight.

Felix Kolk, boxing instructor at Trafton's Gymnasium, received a nice letter from Edward Chapin Higgins of Higgins and Minow, attorneys and counsellors at law, with offices at 160 North La Salle street, Chicago.

George Steetz, 219 Hastings avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.; Anthony DePirro, 728 South Laflin street, Chicago; Fred Petrossi, C. B. Nova Scotia, Canada; W. N. Evans, Chinook, Wash.; George McMillan, Oak Hill, W. Va., have written for instructions in boxing. We suggest that Depirro visit us at the Arcade or Trafton gymnasiums. The out of town boys will get their instructions on this page of THE RING. As you come across faults of boxing write me at the Chicago *Tribune* sports department and I'll be glad to answer them.

I was one of several to see a preview movie of the Max Schmeling-Jack Sharkey heavyweight championship bout at the Castle Theater, State and Madison streets.

Schmeling appeared to have clearly outpointed Sharkey in their 15 round bout in the new Madison Square Garden Bowl at Long Island City, N. Y., but he found himself uncrowned as a champion by a two to one vote—Referee Gunboat Smith and Judge George Kelly casting their ballots for Sharkey and Judge Charles F. Mathison for the German.

Harry Schuman, west side welterweight, has been promised a match at Sparta Stadium. The assistant matchmaker, Sol Katz, suggested Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion, for Schuman. His brother manager, Mose Schuman, immediately got serious and jumped at the offer to box Leonard. Harry, elder brother to Solly, former featherweight star, has won from Joe Meyers and Harry (Kid) Roberts since his successful invasion of Florida rings last winter.

Jack Kane, Cicero welterweight, has placed himself under the management of Barney Abel. Kane whipped Herman Perlick at LaCrosse, Wis. Jack has done quite a bit of traveling and before returning home several months ago, he boxed a fellow weighing 195 pounds at New Mexico named Percy Reed. Kane, who weighs about 145 pounds, knocked out Reed in the fourth round.

The Wisconsin state athletic commission collected $17,398 in the fiscal year which just closed, according to the report of Al Goetter, secretary. Last year Wisconsin collected $15,671. The Illinois athletic commission's report showed $50,00 profit for the state treasury during the last fiscal year.

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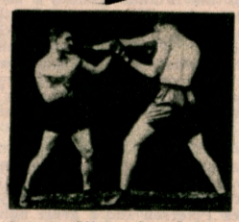

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE world's title bantamweight contest which was held at Marseilles, France, left over a very bad odor. Al Brown was defending against Kid Francis, the Italian-Frenchman and the bout which went the full fifteen rounds was decided no-contest by the referee, an Italian. One judge was Doc J. V. Sparks, a very prominent American dentist of Paris who has a most distinguished war record, and the other was a Frenchman. Before Doc could hand up his scoring card to the announcer, a gun was jabbed against his ribs and his card, which favored Brown was taken from his hands. The French judge also favored Brown and the referee was for Francis. As the two cards of the judges were destroyed, the referee saved the situation by designating the fight as no contest. If the judges' decision had been given favoring Brown, there would have been some killing judging by the angry mood displayed by many of the Francis supporters.

Doc Sparks was beaten and in addition to his score card being destroyed, he was touched for his pocketbook which contained a goodly supply of wealth. It took a big detachment of cops to get Brown, his manager, Dave Lumianski, officials and foreign newspaper men out of the Bull Ring without being beaten up by the raging mob. The old time bare knuckle fights, many of which I attended, had nothing on the Brown-Francis fight as to tough guys being in attendance.

Marcel Thil, by his decisive defeat of the British middleweight boxing champion Len Harvey, after his winning quite easily over Vince Dundee and Gorilla Jones, is outside of New York State recognized as the world's best at the poundage. And it must be remembered that New York State does not rule the boxing works of the complete World.

Max Schmeling, on his arrival home, merely said that the officials were inexperienced who decided against him. At the same time he praised the fairness in which he was treated by the American sporting writers who reported the contest. The German champion expects to return to the United States in October to meet either King Levinsky, the former fish peddler, or Johnny Risko, or Mickey Walker.

The Thil-Harvey contest which was held in the White City Stadium, London, did not attract any way near the size crowd promoter Jeff Dickson had expected. The boxers were on a percentage and the promoter broke even and was not left holding the bag as many were under the impression he was.

Valentin Anglemann, the French lad who gave Frankie Genaro a hard battle when the latter was fairly good, had a fifteen round contest against Maurice Huguenin at the Paris Palace des Sports. The bout, which was a fairly good one, was won on points by Angelmann who accounted for ten out of the fifteen sessions.

Lightweight Payen defeated Sammy Murray in a six "threes" at the Palais de Sports. Flyweight Matton defeated Perrot in two rounds. Heavyweight Drigo defeated Dumoulin in two rounds. Sochet and Beauvais, bantamweights, went six "threes" to a draw, and Tempesti, a welter-weight, knocked out Raska in the fifth of a scheduled eight. All of the above were preliminaries to the Angelmann-Huguenin engagement.

Locatelli, the Italian champion lightweight, defeated the Belgium champion, Sybille, in a match which was held in Milan, over twelve rounds. Bosisio, Italy, defeated Pinson of France on points and Merini defeated Rolando, both of Italy on points. The above two bouts were supporters to the Locatelli-Sybille contest.

There is a report that Kid Chocolate and Cleto Locatelli will meet in a bout to be promoted in Milan, Italy, during September. Such a fight would be a good attraction in Milan which is a good fight town.

The complete paid admissions to the Thil-Harvey contest in London, Jeff Dickson informed me, amounted to 15,875, which was far below what he had anticipated. Still, as it was a percentage affair he did not stand any loss.

When Mickey Walker fought Tommy Milligan for the world's title in London at the Olympia, the attendance was just above 4,000 and the promoter lost an ocean of money as he had given Kearns a big guarantee, which was paid over before the fight went on.

Al Brown defeated Eugene Huat in a bout held at the Circle de Paris. It was a catch weight affair.

Al Brown met the Italian champion in a catch weight contest in Milan, Italy, and he lost the decision on points.

Boxing is again going fairly well in Spain. At a Madrid entertainment Torrado 11 defeated Burgos by a knockout in 3rd round. Calleja defeated Kid Moreno on points, as did Iglesias over Samber, and Alvaro Santos defeated Ros.

Walter Neusel, the German knockout king won another bout with a K. O. over the French heavyweight, Moret, in a bout which was held at the Palais des Sports. Neusel who is a young chap, just over twenty-three years of age, when he takes on a little more poundage should be a dangerous opponent for any of the big fellows. He is as game as they come, and that he has the making of a world's champion is the opinion of many who have seen him in action.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM EUROPE

By TED BROADRIBB

AFTER the recent big contests that have been staged at Liverpool, White City, Wimbledon, etc., a lull has set in owing mostly to the high prices.

Marcel Thil proved in his contest with Len Harvey that strength plays almost as important a part as ability in winning a fight. Harvey, who proved to be the better boxer in the early part of the contest, weakened after the sixth round and was forced to retreat for the remainder of the contest. It was a hard and strenuous contest with Thil overpowering Harvey's defence and winning a clear victory.

Harvey, throughout the contest, boxed almost entirely on orthodox lines, with the exception of the many times he was accused of holding. Still, the old-time orthodox straight left lead failed time after time to prevent Thil getting through with body punishment. The decision was given by the Swiss referee, Mr. Devernaz.

Mr. Devernaz who refereed the Harvey-Thil contest proved himself a strict and capable man, and it is a pity that we haven't more like him in Europe. He was forever trying to make the men conform to the rules of boxing and was largely responsible for the fight being a great fight.

Willie Unwin the promising young South African, again demonstrated that he is a fine prospect in the light heavyweight class, by his K. O. of Maurice Arguez in the first round.

Unwin a few days later went to Momcombe to K. O. Steve McColl, Scottish Cruiserweight Champion in 3 rounds.

Jack Peterson, the British Carpenter, turned in a quick win over Reggie Meen and took the heavyweight title from him. Peterson is without doubt the most colorful fighter we have had for some time. With another year's experience he will be ready to mix with America's first raters.

I noticed a short time back that a boxer who is just an ordinary six-rounder was top of the programme in a fifteen round bout. This sort of flat-catching the public is not good enough, and is harmful to the game.

I was pleased to see Phineas John, looking very fit and well, in his brother Tommy's corner at the Ring recently. His recent South African tour has done him a world of good, both in prestige and health. Phineas shared his brother's great distress when Tommy was unluckily ruled out for an alleged low blow. Harry Brooks seems to be getting all the "breaks" these days, for he was well behind when John was disqualifid.

Jack O'Malley, latest Australia importation, is going along pretty good. He defeated Tommy Tucker in the latter's home town recently. O'Malley is after Jack Peterson and a great fight should result.

Negotiations are in progress for Johnny Peters to meet his late stable companion, Dick Corbett, for the latter's championship at Wimbledon.

Phineas John, who promises to be the next featherweight champion, returned from S. Africa where he defeated the featherweight champion, Willie Smith, and also George Purchase, the lightweight champion. John may return with Joe Jacobs to America.

Len Beynor, the Welsh flyweight, recently won the bantamweight championship of Wales from Terence Morgan. Beynor is anxious to make a trip to the States and will shortly make a trip over to Sol Gold with J. Jacobs.

Don McCorkindale has been forced to lay off owing to the lack of opponents who are refusing to meet him. Larry Gains believes that Mac has some contagious disease as he won't go near him. Here's a great fight being wasted. Everybody wants this fight, but Gains.

Jack McAvoy looked a smasher on the Harvey-Thil night, when he defeated Camdel of France. McAvoy is sure to be our next middleweight champion. He has substantial backing to meet Harvey again.

An effort is being made to get Tommy Paul to come over here and meet Nel Tarleton for the vacant world's featherweight title. It would be a great attraction and a match that would help the game here. Paul lives in Buffalo, New York, and is the recognized N. B. A. title holder in America.

Charlie Smith, ex-heavyweight prospect, had George Slack as his partner in a waltz for 10 heats on the Meen-Peterson card and after the first round decided to sit it out. Smith won but no one cared.

BOXING IN MEXICO

By CARLOS VERA

YOUNG Casanova the Mexico windmill came through with a sensational victory over Chato Kid Laredo, flyweight champion.

Matchmaker Jimmie Fitten is packing them in his Arena Nacional. One of the best bouts staged there was the Alfredo Gaona-Kid Azteca. The Kid won the decision.

Tommy White in his first appearance in this city after his campaign in Venezuela, Porto Rico and Panama kayoed Kid Azteca in eight rounds. Kid Pancho defeated Joe Ruz in ten. Juan Rodriguez outpointed Ricardo Manzanill. Asesino de Ixtacalco kayoed Luis Alvarado in two. Flipe Orozco was whipped by Raul Taláp in ten. Kid Pancho easily outpointed Carlos Payón. Leonardo de la Cruz scored over Jorge Rendon. Manuel Luna stopped Ernesto Carrasco in the first. Chato Laredo redeemed himself defeating Kid Pancho in a hectic ten-rounder. Manuel Luna easily whipped Felipe Orozco. Pasco Villa scored over Pedro Oviedo. Fernandez Lopez outpointed Fausto Galindo. Ricardo Manzanillo won over Leonardo de la Cruz. Carlos Garcia defeated Pedro Andrade in ten. Timoteo Elizalde drew with Battling Frid.

Joey Goodman, Cleveland welter, and Jack Kileen arrived here from Los Angeles for bouts.

Good fighters wishing to show in this country will do well in writing to me to Cuauhtemotzin 257, Mexico, D. F.

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"John L. Sullivan," by R. F. Dibble. Regular price, $3.00. Our summer price, $1.50. Only a very limited number left.

"Gene Tunney, The Enigma of The Ring," by Nat Fleischer. Regular price, $1.00. Our summer price, 75 cents.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Peter Maestro, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Was there ever a German world champion in boxing other than Schmeling?

A.—No. Ben Hogan, whose real name was Hagen, fought Allen for the American title back in 1869, but claimed a foul and quit.

Benjamin Waddell, Toronto, Canada.

Q.—Is swimming good for one in training for boxing?

A.—Most boxers are against it. They declare that it brings on a muscle-bound condition.

Thomas Brady, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—When I do neck exercises I feel a pain every time I turn my head. By what is this caused?

A.—Apparently you snapped your head to the right or left side too quickly. The ailment will soon pass off. Do your exercises more gently.

Saul Spector, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Where can I locate Owen Ziegler?

A.—He is dead.

Margaret Walsh, Bayonne, N. J.

Q.—Were there more Irish champions in all divisions than there have been of other nationalities? I say the Irish lead. My friend says the Italians.

A.—The Irish win. They have furnished more champions than any other nationality.

A Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Name the five greatest middleweight champions that ever lived.

A.—Fitzsimmons, Langford, O'Brien, Ketchell and Greb.

Q.—Who would win a Schaaf-Schmeling fight?

A.—Schmeling

Q.—Who would win a Stribling-Levinsky fight?

A.—Stribling.

Q.—Both in top form, who would win a Gotch-Londos match?

A.—Gotch.

R. G., Pennsylvania.

Q.—What measurements would you regard as good for a fellow who weighs 156 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall?

A.—Chest, normal, 38; expanded, 41; waist, 30; wrist 8; calf, 14; biceps, 12.

R. G. Hemlich, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Who in your opinion was the greatest all-around Negro fighter of all time?

A.—Peter Jackson. He was a marvel on defense and a good man on the attack. He was brainy and scientific.

Sam Schoell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am a boy of sixteen, five feet one inch tall. Would you advise me to enter the ring now? I have been in two amateur fights and won both.

A.—If you mean to turn professional, it is best for you to have about a dozen amateur fights first. Get "Revised Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" and do your training in one of the many good New York gymnasiums, Billy Grupp's, the Pioneer or Stillman's.

Constant Reader, Chicago.

Q.—When did Benny Leonard win the lightweight crown? When was Georges Carpentier light-heavyweight champion?

A.—(1) 1917. (2) 1920.

Ralph Mosquetto, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What must I do to get into the amateurs? Must I get an examination?

A.—Get in touch with Ben Levine, A. A. U. headquarters, 291 Broadway, New York City. You must take a thorough physical examination.

Charley Massero, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—I am 22 years old, weigh 130 pounds, 5 feet 3 inches, well built and extremely fond of athletics, especially boxing. Am I too old to begin training for boxing?

A.—No.

Mike Painter, New York City.

Q.—What is the decision in this case: The referee calls it a draw, one judge gives it to A, and the other judge gives it to B.

A.—Under the boxing rules the decision is a draw.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

John Smallwood, Boston, Mass.

Q.—(1) Are fighters made or born? (2) What is the Mary Ann punch? (3) Is there such a thing as semi-professional boxing? (4) Which is more essential, science, hitting or defense? (5) Was Battling Siki killed in the ring?

A.—(1) Both. Invariably, the greatest fighters are those who come from families where the fighting spirit has been a strong trait. (2) The Mary Ann is a punch that was developed by Frank Moran and it was a swing that started almost from the ground to land with telling effect on the chin of an opponent. (3) No. In Cuba, the boxing commission recognizes semi-professionals who are taken from the amateur ranks and if they fail to make good, they are permitted to resume their amateur standing. In this country, boxers are either amateurs or professionals. (4) All three are essential for success. The best fighters are those who possess each. (5) Battling Siki was killed by a thug.

Matthew Tanzer, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Q.—Was Mike Gibbons ever champion? To fight in California, must I obtain a license? Must a second pass an examination before he gets a license? Who are the ten best fighters in California?

A.—No. Yes. A second must show his qualifications. Get a copy of "How to Second a Boxer." Lee Ramage, Max Baer, Fidel La Barba, Young Corbett III, Speedy Dado, Baby Arizmendi, Claude Varner, Varias Milling, Bobby Pacho, Joe Conde.

Ring Reader, New York City.

Q.—In what class was Sailor Friedman?

A.—Lightweight and later welter.

Q.—Is he still living?

A.—Yes, in Philadelphia.

Q.—What were some of his big fights?

A.—Lew Tendler, Johnny Dundee, Joe Welling, Benny Leonard, Pete Latzo, Bobby Barrett, Sid Barbarian, Ever Hammer, Willie Harmon, Alex Hart, Charley White, Joe Dundee, and Sgt. Sammy Baker.

Carl Vandam, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Q.—Can a heavyweight championship fight end in a draw?

A.—Yes, but it shouldn't.

Harold Heffler, Providence, R. I.

Q.—What was Willie Ritchie's family name. When was he born and when did he win and lose the lightweight title?

A.—Geary A. Steffen, February 13, 1891, San Francisco, Cal. Won title from Ad Wolgast on a foul in sixteen rounds at Daly City, Cal., and lost it on July 7, 1914, to Freddy Walsh in London in 20 rounds, on points.

Johnny Dunfaro, New York City.

Q.—I have boxed four years as an amateur and have won seventy-eight fights, lost fourteen and was knocked out seven times. I quit the amateurs a year ago and now, at the age of 22, I want to resume as a pro. Do you think my chances are good?

A.—Why not? Join a gym and get good training. Read some of the books of the Ring Book Shop—How to Train, How to Box, Blocking and Hitting and The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It.

Harry Levine, Boston, Mass.

Q.—If a fighter goes from one state to another, does he require a license to box in that state? How about managers?

A.—Yes, License required in each state for boxer, second and manager.

Tommy Shroeder, Pawtucket, R. I.

Q.—Would it be advisable for one to study jiu jitsu holds who is contemplating going into wrestling?

A.—I think so. The greatest wrestlers of this age use Japanese holds in combination with others, as for example the Japanese Arm and Leg Lock. Study Earle Liederman's Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. Get it from The Ring Book Shop.

M. K. Janamaulu, Kaual, Hawaii.

Q.—Who is the harder hitter between Billy Petrolle and Jimmy McLarnin?

A.—I think Petrolle.

Q.—How would you rate the following in their prime—Wilde, Villa, McLarnin, Midget Wolgast, all when they were flyweights?

A.—Wilde, Villa, McLarnin and Wolgast.

Q.—Is there any reason why you don't give us a serial on the life of Dempsey and Tunney in THE RING?

A.—Yes, because we have a book on the life of each and you can get the life story in those books.

John Hays O'Donnell, Dublin, Ireland.

Q.—How old was Tony Canzoneri when he started fighting?

A.—He began as an amateur at thirteen.

Q.—How long did Dempsey hold the title?

A.—Seven years. Read the story of his life, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana." You'll find good reading and considerable information in that book.

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5. How to strengthen the hands. How to strengthen the skin of the hands and of the face.
6. How to acquire strength.
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SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING

By JAMES J. MANNION

YOUNG STRIBLING, the American heavyweight who was knocked out in the fifteenth round of his championship bout with Max Schmeling last year, is doing well in Australia. He flattened Ambrose Palmer, champion of this country, in his first start and then triumphed over the American, Frankie Wine.

The return match between Bobby Blay, of Victoria, and Bobby Delaney, of New South Wales, at Rushcutters Bay, was a great fight. Blay, badly beaten in their first contest, came out and held Delaney to a slashing draw.

The Ambrose Palmer-Alan Campbell international tilt ended as punching exercises for Palmer. Campbell flopped badly as a fighter, and New Zealand cannot very well feel proud of its George Wallis called a halt in the ninth round. representative. He was outclassed, and Referee

Billy Grime, ex-triple champion of this country, handed a pleasant surprise to Sydney fans when he gave Wally Hancock the fight of his life. Hancock, who holds the N. S. W. welter title, just scraped home after ten rounds. . . . Later, Grime appeared at Fitzroy, where he won easily from Kid Maitland and lost a much-disputed decision to Billy Negus. Both of these mills went 15 rounds.

For about the umpteenth time in 18 months, a foul has ended an Australian middleweight championship. The latest was committed by Bob Thornton when he met Fred Henneberry (Holder) in Sydney. Several low blows went Henneberry's way in the ninth frame, and the fight ended then and there. It recalls the fact that Thornton won the title from Palmer on a foul.

Les Ferris and Bullant Sims met again at Fitzroy when the Bullant acted as challenger for the Victorian bantam leadership. Ferris won per K. O. in five rounds. He is a contender for national honours.

Boxing is picking up on the N. S. W. coalfields. "Houses" and "gates" are good, enthusiasm is high, and there is plenty of activity among the leather merchants. Outstanding results of the past few weeks follow: Jack Roberts (10.3) knocked out Robbie Burns (11.3) in twelve rounds, and also kayoed Frank Feighan. Capacity houses at Kurri saw him outpoint Bert Malcolm and draw with Billy Grime. . . . Togo Robinson outpointed Norm Foster, and Alby Roberts did the same to Al Bourke in a great slugfest. . . . Lightweight Billy Jones scored two wins over Rus Critcher . . . Billy Richards won from Alby Roberts in 15 heats . . . The New castle Stadium has a new manager, Jack Cousins, and runs two shows weekly. . . . Some idea of the increasing popularity of boxing on the fields is given by the number of stadiums that now stud the countryside around here. It's a comparatively small area, but there are about ten boxing halls working full time.

Adelaide's boxing "revival" after a mucked-up first night, developed into a wrestling (so-called) season. So there is still nothing to talk about in this town. But Pt. Pirie, in the country, helped to keep the state a little bit in the swim by staging a bout for the S. A. bantamweight supremacy. Pud Ray (challenger) relieved Les Geyer of the title after he had held it for five years.

Ron Richards (11.6), Queensland Aboriginal, had his knockout sequence, interrupted at Brisbane when he clashed with Fred Parker, of N. Z. It was a dull affair, with Richards on top throughout.

Boxing in Western Australia is running fairly well, all things considered. Harry Lister (N. Z.) is paying it a visit, and is having varying success.

Wally Hancock won, T. K. O., from Roy Burns in three rounds . . . he seems to have taken a new lease of life. . . . Kid Rooney knocked out Billy Kelly in ten. . . . Billy Jones won from Jimmy Kelso (N. S. W. welter title bout) . . . the Palmer-Campbell affair was billed as the "British Dominions Heavyweight Championship". . . . Larry Gains is Empire champ on the other side . . . perhaps Mr. McIntosh will remove the dispute by matching Gains and Palmer . . . and now Larry has been and gone and beaten Carnera! . . . Ted Palmer won per T. K. O. from Jack Hamilton, 6 rounds . . . Bullant Sims K. O'd Jackie Blake in four . . . Whacker O'Brady drew with Jack McLeod and outpointed Jack Weston . . . Tom O'Rourke is said to be interested in Jimmy Pierce, Tom Maguire's middle, for an American trip . . . Young Lew Edwards won, T. K. O., from Billy Russell in ten, at Leichhardt . . . Nuff Sed. . . .

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

WESLEY Ramey, Grand Rapids flash, met a surprise when Orrie Mosher, Muskegon southpaw defeated him in ten rounds. The bout was extremely close. The boys had previously boxed a draw.

Emmett Curtice of Fremont, who is staging a comeback defeated Mickey Balabon of Detroit in six rounds. Each weighed 167. Pete Petroskey of Muskegon defeated Jack O'Neal of South Bend in six. Stanley Krannenberg defeated Johnny Sikkenga in six. Marshall Peters, Muskegon, welterweight knocked out Lyle Beldon of Allegan in the second round.

Stanley Krannenberg the Grand Rapids lightweight, looks like a comer. Stanley has done extremely well since turning pro, some of his victims being Don McLeod, Stan Sabin, and Johnny Sikkenga.

In a wrestling show at the Arena Gardens in Detroit Jim Logas defeated Bobby Chick. In the prelims Henry Collen beat Sailor Watkins, and Stanley Rogers beat Lou Hiller.

In a show at Saginaw, Marty Simmons and Freddy Heinz, Saginaw middleweight, battled ten rounds with Simmons getting the decision. Frankie Misko, another Saginaw 160 pounder, defeated Charley Fibinger in the semi-final.

Butch Otto returned to the wars in the main preliminary knocking out Don Murch of Big Rapids in the third. Alex Heinz shaded Bob Albrecht of Mt. Clemens in six and Bobby Thomas shaded Louis Dunby in the curtain raiser.

Wilbur Chevalier, the Flint thunderbolt, was active during the month defeating Mickey Genaro of Birmingham, Alabama, in eight rounds at Millwaukee. Chevalier is a great favorite in Wisconsin and Minnesota, having made several good fights there.

At Bay City, Johnny Bangert knocked out Ivan Cronkhite in one, Bill Swanson stopped Harold Hummell in 2, Harold Earler kayoed Ed Noonen in two, Petey Myers stopped Fred Ebdella in four and Pete Lewis and George Sharkey drew.

At Mt. Clemens, Harry Robertson, Negro lightweight from Port Huron, defeated Art Meadows in six rounds. Ken Offet shaded Joe Dodge, Clarence Zilk beat Al McManney; and Billy Bulley and Morrie Van Pamel drew.

Whitey Gorsline stopped Billy Morris in the first round at Dearborn. Juan Cruz beat Sidney Thomas; Bob Young beat Roy Snell; Cass Felmore stopped Walter Tward, and John Mangin shaded Lambert Hall in the preliminaries.

At Grand Rapids, Otis Clingman defeated Speedy Schaefer, Sammy Kohen defeated Ernie Nolan, while Jack Brown and Jack Nelson drew.

At Saginaw, Freddy Heinz won the middleweight championship of Michigan from Frankie Misko by a knockout in the fifth round. Misko was leading up until the knockout.

At the Olympia in Detroit, Jim Londos world heavyweight wrestling champion defeated George Zaharias. Floyd Marshall lost to George Tragos in the semi-final, Patsy O'Toole lost to Charlie Fox of Cleveland after four minutes had elapsed.

Hugh Nichols threw Jim Logas upon the Arena Gardens Mat and Jim Logas was taken to a hospital with a fractured skull. Frank Taylor defeated Jack Brown, Leslie Fishbaugh and Sailor Watkins drew, and Al Steinke threw Jack Nelson.

At Grand Rapids, Martin Levandowski easily defeated Willie Oster. Eddie Conners knocked out Johnny Deitrach, Neil Kilbane, knocked out Buck Kammen. Leon Jasinski beat Jimmy Smith, and Jackie Davis won over Ben Duke.

I still have lists of Michigan promoters for sale at a dime, boxers ratings for a quarter and any Michigan boxer's record for a dime.

Ernie Maurer defeated Franklin Young in the eight round semi final at Lansing. In the main bout K. O. Redman beat Petit Feararer in ten. Johnny Riggie beat Lefty Logan in six.

At Dearborn, Johnny Reggo defeated George Burdo. Tiger McLeldon drew with Jack Bradford, Tommy Delmont whipped his brother Jack, Cass Felmore won over Lee Peters and Blondy Peer whipped Joe Gagnon.

The best prospects in Michigan are Ernie Maurer, Stanley Krannenberg, Eddie Wells, George Riley, and Johnny Mitchell.